THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCVIII.—No. 1277

JUNE 6, 1928

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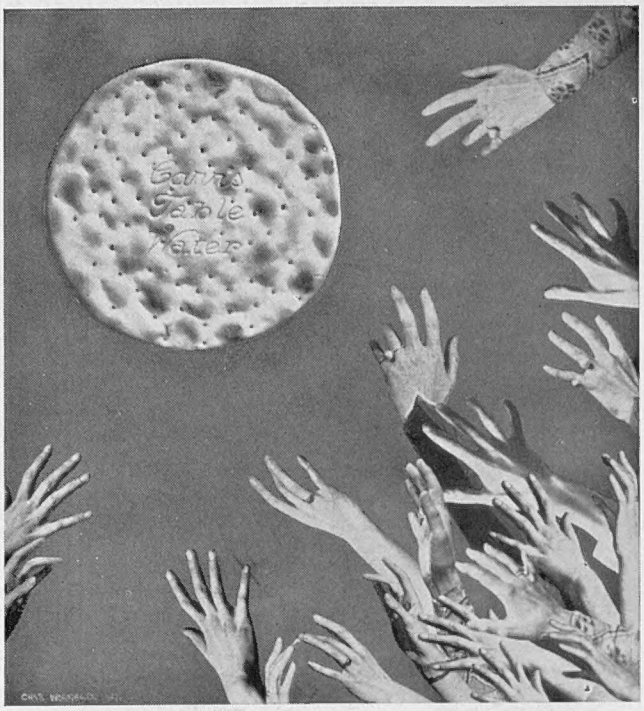

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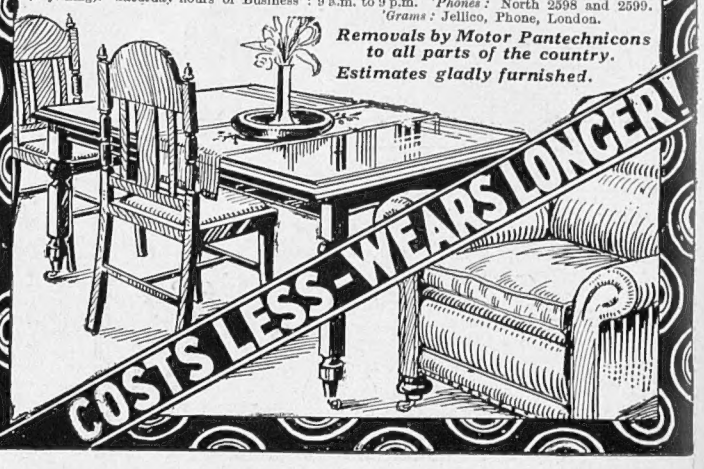

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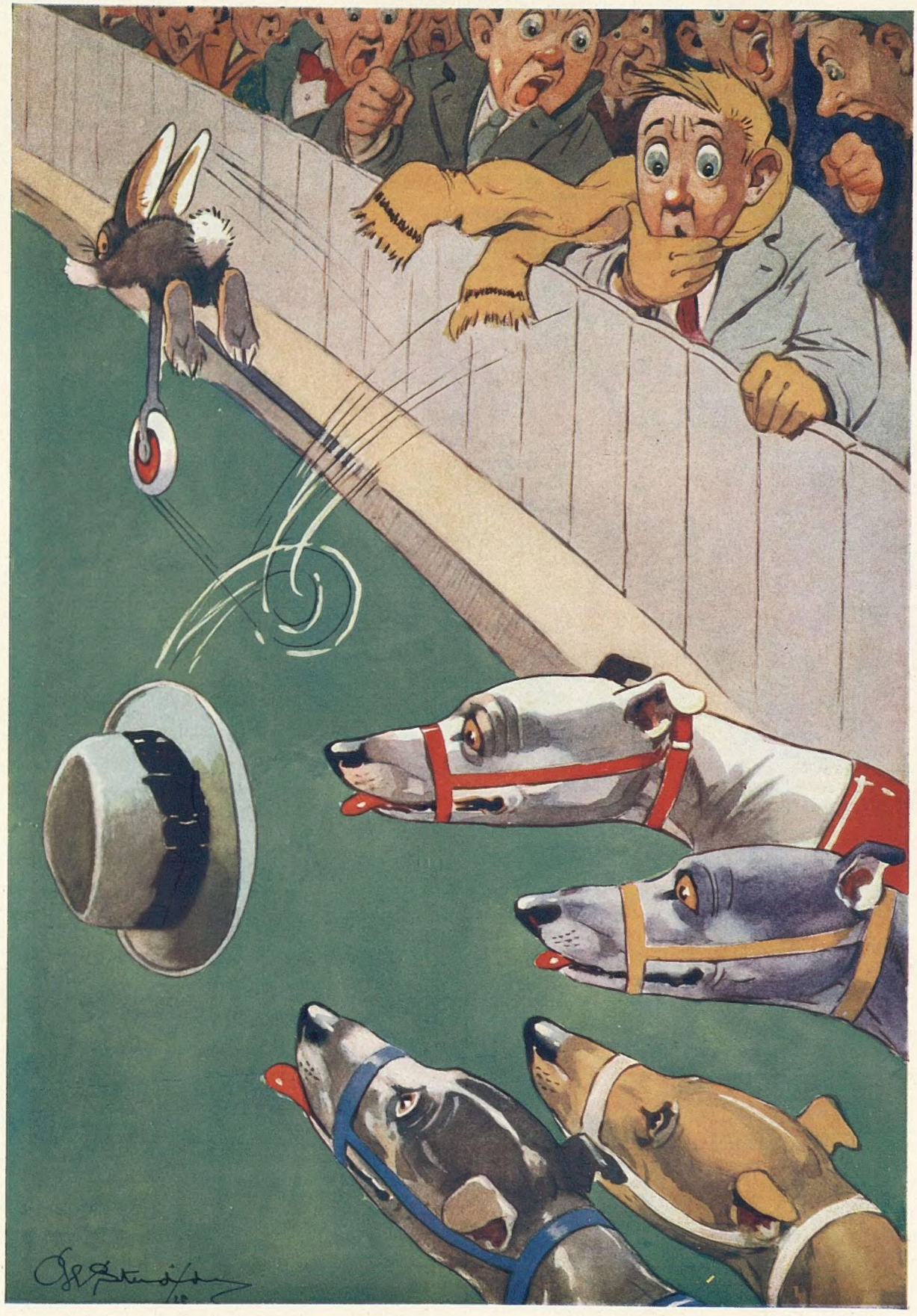
The BYSTANDER



BY G. E. STUDDY

"I BLEW IN AT THE DOGS LAST NIGHT"

Rowntree's Table Jelly Delights

The Rowntree Jelly Recipe Book, showing these and many other delicious dishes — all tested and approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute—will be sent free for a postcard to Rowntree's, York. (B.3 Dept.)

Rowntree's Table Jellies in 10 varieties: Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple, Greengage, Blackcurrant, Cherry, Lime Fruit and Vanilla.

GOOSEBERRY TRIFLE.

Stew 1 lb. gooseberries with sugar & enough water to cover. Strain; place in glass dish. Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Raspberry Jelly in ¾ pint gooseberry juice; pour over fruit. When set, cover with custard or whipped cream.

PINEAPPLE CHARLOTTE.

Chop finely one small tin Pineapple. Make up juice with hot water to ¾ pint, and dissolve in it 1 Rowntree's Lemon Jelly. When half set, whisk into a light sponge. Add well-beaten white of 1 egg. Then stir in fruit. Pour into wet mould lined biscuit fingers. Leave to set.

FRUIT JELLY DAINTY.

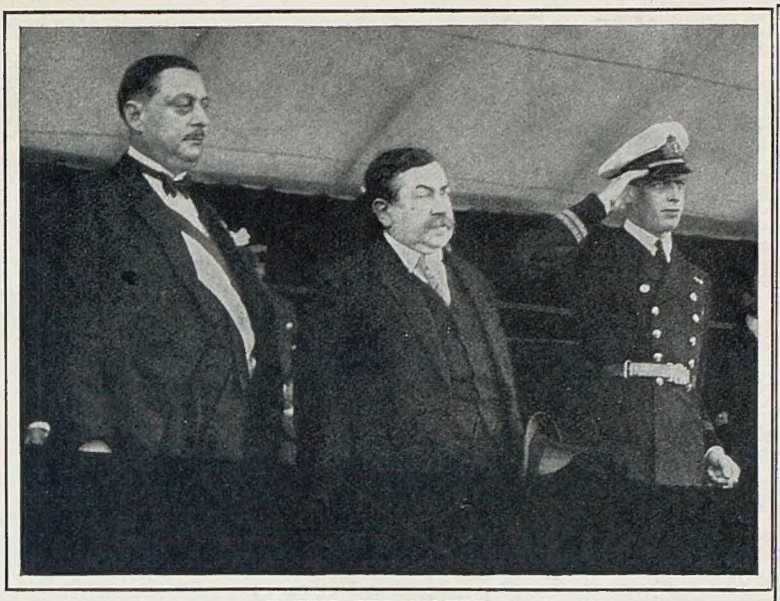
Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Jelly in ¾ pint hot water. Put aside a small cupful. When remainder is cold, but not set, stir it with ½ pint milk; pour into border mould. When set, turn out. Fill centre with the cupful of jelly, turned out and chopped.

ORANGE OR LEMON SHERBET

Dissolve 1 Rowntree's Orange or Lemon Jelly in ½ pint hot water. When cold, but not quite set, gradually stir into ½ pint milk and allow to set either in a wet mould or custard glasses.

CHERRY SPONGE

Stew ½ lb. cherries gently with a little water and sugar. Strain and stone. Make up syrup with hot water to ¾ pint; dissolve in this 1 Rowntree's Strawberry Jelly. When almost set, whisk to a light sponge. Add cherries, stir; pour into wet mould; leave to set.



TAKING THE SALUTE

Prince George taking the salute during the march past of the six thousand five hundred gymnasts from all countries in Europe who took part in the fiftieth annual fête organised by the French Federation des Sociétés Gymnastique at Calais. With Prince George is the Minister for War, M. Painlevé

Central News

ROYALTY AT BRIGHTON

The Duke and Duchess of York photographed at the Devil's Dyke during their recent visit to the Greater Brighton celebrations. They unveiled a seat to commemorate the dedication to public enjoyment of this famous beauty spot on the Sussex Downs

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Court at Sandringham

THE King and Queen have so few opportunities of seeing Sandringham in anything but its autumn and winter dress that their Whitsuntide visit must have had something of novelty. The gardens, which have been greatly improved under the Queen's direction, were in their full early summer beauty. They were greatly admired when they were thrown open to the public a little time ago in aid of Queen Alexandra's Nurses' Fund. This scheme was so successful last year that people all over the country are throwing open their gardens this season for the same object.

The Court was only able to remain at Sandringham for about a week, the three weeks before Ascot having many engagements in London, both for the King and the Queen.

Keystone

THE PRINCE AS AIRMAN

The Prince of Wales photographed after his recent visit to Norwich, from where, after fulfilling a number of engagements, he returned to London by air. The machine in which he flew back was a Bristol Fighter

A-Flying We Will Go

THREE years ago the people who owned aeroplanes could be counted on the fingers. Now there are quite a number, and the fact that the Prince of Wales has decided to use an aeroplane in fulfilment of some of his engagements will see even more people scudding through the air on their business or their pleasure.

When the Wilbur Wrights, Captain Cody, and other pioneers of aviation startled us with their heavier-than-air machines, if we had been told that within comparatively few years people would be flying in their own machines to a week-end party we should have sat in the seats of the scornful. But then we did precisely the same thing when the first motor car, driven by the late Mr. William Heinemann, the publisher, passed through London at four miles an hour preceded by a man carrying a red flag!

As with the motor car, so with the aeroplane. There was quite a flutter when the first week-end party at a country house arrived in motor cars. And we have just had precisely the same flutter over the first house party at which all the guests arrived by air.

This was at Marsden Manor near Cirencester, where Major and Mrs. FitzGerald's ten guests for a recent week-end all came by air. Nine came in Moth machines, and one in a Westland-Widgeon. In the not-so-far-off future I foresee only old-fashioned people clinging to the motor of their youth, just as certain old-fashioned folk to-day cling to horses and carriages. Everybody else will be a-flying. And in time, I suppose, they will dig

up all the new arterial roads and plant them with potatoes and cabbages.

One question, however, puzzles me. What about the rules of the road when the sky is full of aeroplanes, public and private, flying north, east, south, and west, and all in between?

Improvements at Ascot

Ascot is already in trim for the great meeting a fortnight hence, and this year I am told the flowers will be more gorgeous than ever. Men have been working busily for weeks past getting everything in order, special attention having been paid to all the roads leading to the course.

Every year sees some improvement. This year those who patronise the grand stand will find a large bar has been added to the refreshment-room, as well as a cocktail bar and soda fountain. And the whole line of stands has been painted in buff and brown.

The people who take racing seriously at Ascot will be pleased to hear that now all the information about each race will be displayed no less than sixteen times. A number board has been put up in the Paddock, and a double board at the beginning of the Straight. Another double board opposite the judge's box will show on both sides the race-card number of each running horse, its jockey's name, and its place for the draw for position.

The King and Queen will have their usual party at Windsor, and unless the weather disgraces itself there will be the State drive down the course, without which Ascot would scarcely be Ascot at all.

Alfieri

THE COUNTESS OF BRADFORD WITH HER DAUGHTERS, LADY ANNE AND LADY JOAN BRIDGEMAN

Alfieri

MISS FORRESTER AND LADY ROSEMARY AGAR

Alfieri

MRS. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, LADY RIPLEY, AND MISS VIOLA ISMAY

AROUND THE COURSE AT SALISBURY

And some of those who went racing there recently

Alfieri

LORD AND LADY PEMBROKE

To Help the Blind

I told you some little time ago that the Earl of Dysart was most kindly lending Ham House, near Richmond, for a garden fête in order to replace as far as possible the £3,000 worth of Braille books belonging to the National Library for the Blind which were destroyed in the Thames flood at Westminster. The date is Wednesday, June 13. In addition to lending the garden for the fête, Lord Dysart is throwing open the house—one of the treasure houses of England—with its famous Cabal Room, which has been practically untouched since the days of Charles II.

Twice in the afternoon an interlude, written by Mr. Frank Hird for the occasion, showing the visit of Charles II and Queen Catharine of Braganza to Ham House in 1671, will be performed on the lower terrace, Ben Jonson's Masque of *The Gipsies Metamorphosed,* being played during the interlude before Charles and Catharine and their Court.

Mr. Tom Heslewood will be Charles II; Miss Marjorie Clarke-Jervoise Queen Catharine; and Lady Olga Montagu the Countess of Dysart, who entertained them at Ham, and afterwards became Duchess of Lauderdale. Amongst others who are taking part are Lady George Cholmondeley, the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Bethell, and their daughter, Miss Nefertari Bethell; Miss Geraldine Boyle; Mrs. W. Hope Nicholson and her daughter; and Captain Wilfrid Loyd.

Folk dances in the Masque will be danced by three teams of the English Folk Dance Society; and the dances by the Court party, which include the Corante, have been arranged by Miss Sylvia Holiday. The music, which will be contemporary, has been selected and arranged by Mr. Ronald Dussek. Mr. Timothy Wing will sing the songs in the Masque. Tickets for each

performance—one at 3.30 p.m. and the other at 6 p.m.—are one guinea, half a guinea, 5s. and 2s. 6d., and may be obtained from The Secretary, Entertainments Committee, National Library for the Blind, 38, Great Smith Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

Dances and Matrimony

THE mother who gives a dance for her *débutante* daughter follows the same instinct which leads a bird to feed its young. The bird goes afield with this object in view. The mother gives a dance for her daughter with an eye to her daughter's future matrimony.

For generations it has been the accepted belief that if you give dances for your daughters in the London Season you give them the best possible chances within your power of finding a husband. Formerly, the point was not put so definitely. In these days of plain-speaking and over-powering taxation nobody makes any bones about the matter.

It is your duty to launch your girl upon the world. Unless you give a dance she will have parlous few invitations to other dances. So the question resolves itself into giving one cutlet for many other cutlets—the cutlets standing for dances—with the hope that somewhere amongst your own cutlets or other people's cutlets she will find an eligible young man.

On this point statistics will never be available, but it would be interesting to know how many engagements come out of the dances and balls which turn so many houses upside down during the London Season, not to speak of those given at hotels. My own belief is that the percentage from this source of matrimony, compared with the total of engagements, is practically negligible. Far more engagements result from young folk meeting in the country—at house parties, race meetings and whatnot—where they can get to know one another, than from the London Season.

This year dance hostesses are complaining of a shortage of young men. The answer to this complaint is the dancing clubs and restaurants. Both clubs and restaurants do the thing ever so much better than the majority of hostesses. So the young men go to the clubs and restaurants. And that is why so many hostesses are introducing cabaret entertainments into their ballrooms. Anything to attract the young man.

Alfieri

THE HON. DIANA ALLSOPP

Central Press

MISS M BULLOWS

I.B.

MISS SYLVIA SPOONER

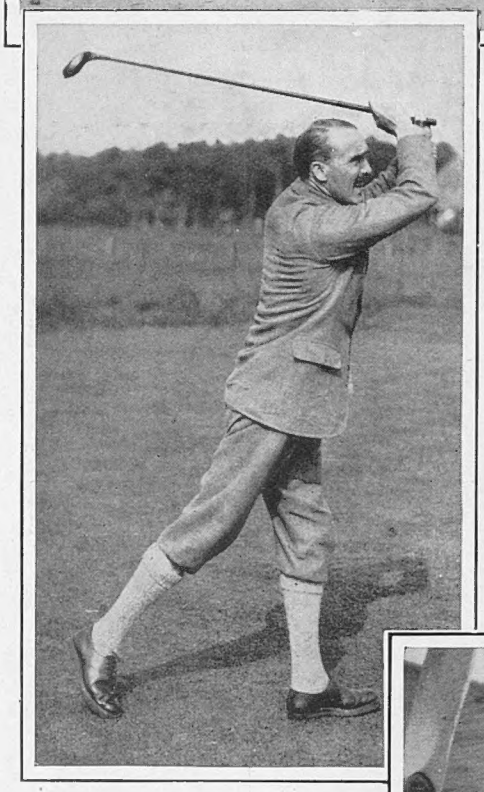
Brit. Illus.

MRS. PHILIP HUNLOKE

FROM DEVON TO SURREY

Fine and sunny weather marked the Royal Counties Show at Reigate, Surrey. The Show was held at Gatton Park, and was well patronised. On the left is seen a competitor in the recent horse show held at St. Budeaux, Devon. She won several prizes

BARON MAROCHETTE, MRS. NORTON, MRS. ADOLPH HIRSCH AND LORD CHESHAM



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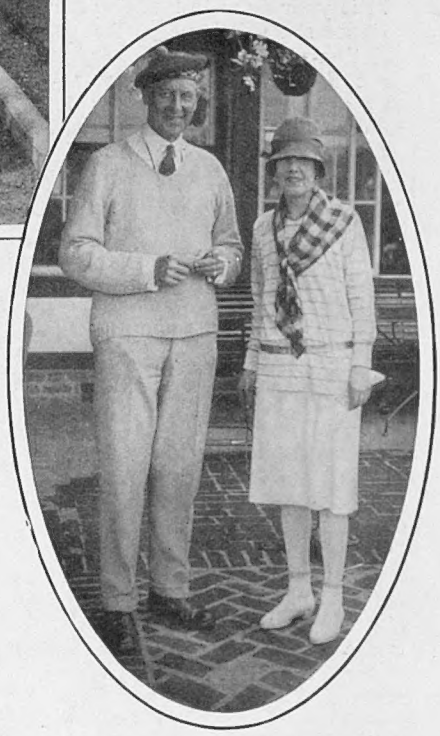
MAJOR J. HAY BEITH

GOLF AT LE TOUQUET

Le Touquet, which is always a favourite early Summer resort, has been comfortably full lately. Our photographs show some recent visitors whose thoughts were turned towards golf



Alfieri

MR. F. G. PENNY, M.P., AND MRS. PENNY

HOME AGAIN *I.B.*

Sir Alan and Lady Cobham preparing to leave their flying boat "Singapore" on arriving off Plymouth at the conclusion of their pioneer flight round Africa. In the course of the flight they gathered a great deal of valuable information about the possibilities of establishing an aerial trade route

A Thé Dansant

THE Countess of Haddington will act as hostess at the *thé dansant* which is being held at the Ambassador Club, Conduit Street, on Saturday next, June 9, in aid of the funds of the Ivory Cross National Dental Aid Fund. This is the only organised service providing throughout the British Isles treatment by surgeon dentists. You can get your tickets, 6s. each, four for 22s. 6d., or six for 30s., from the usual libraries, or Miss Beatrice Osmond, at 93 and 94, Wimpole Street, W.1.

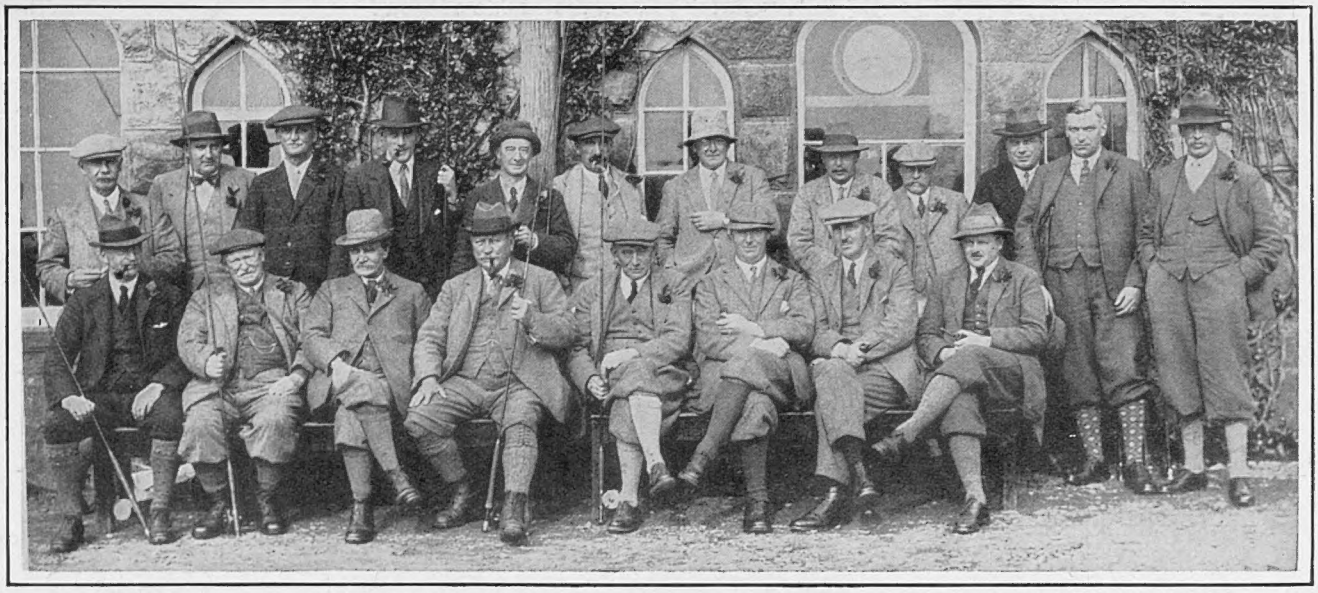
A Great Gentleman

IF the late Duke of Newcastle had lived the life of a recluse he loved, he never allowed that disability to affect his duties.

He was a model landlord. And whether you agreed or not with his whole-hearted support of the Ritualists in the Church of England, no one could forbear admiration for the courage and generosity with which he carried out his convictions. He was a churchwarden for many years at All Saints', Margaret Street. The chapel which he built and adorned at Clumber was a creation of exquisite beauty. To me the elaborate altar with its ornaments of silver was the ultimate expression of the Duke's devotion to his belief.

What he believed in faith he carried out in his daily life. Pain, suffering, physical hampering were swept aside in the doing of what he believed to be his duty. All this found expression in charity and help of which the world never heard anything.

He is succeeded by his brother, Lord Francis Hope, who married an actress very famous in her time, May Yohe, whom he divorced eight years afterwards. The new Duke married *en secondes noces* an Australian lady, who died sixteen years ago, leaving a son and two daughters. The son now



INTERNATIONAL ANGLERS *Topical*

The English team which won the first International Angling Contest between England and Scotland at Loch Leven. The teams consisted of twenty a side and the English representatives were Sir Frederick Graham, Mr. N. E. B. Elgar, Mr. R. H. Dodds, Mr. J. C. Grossman, Mr. H. H. Chartres, Mr. E. Bury, Mr. J. W. Armstrong, Mr. R. K. Armstrong, the Rev. J. Adams, Mr. J. J. Hardy, Mr. P. M. Horsfall, Mr. M. E. Maling, Mr. W. R. McCreath (Capt.), Mr. G. Nicholls, Mr. S. O'Hanlon, Col. T. H. Openshaw, Mr. B. Pumphrey, Mr. C. Short, Major A. Campbell Skinner, and Mr. G. Waddell

becomes the Earl of Lincoln. It is generally supposed that the Dukedom of Newcastle takes its title from Newcastle-on-Tyne. This is a mistake. The Dukedom is of Newcastle-under-Lyme, and came to an ancestor of the present line in the reign of George II because of a special remainder created in favour of the first Duke's nephew, the ninth Earl of Lincoln. Hence the heir's courtesy title of Earl of Lincoln, which has not been used for nearly fifty years.

British Illus.

WATCHING THE GAME

Lady Alexandra Metcalfe and the Duchess of Peñeranda photographed at Ranelagh. The Duke of Peñeranda is a well-known polo player

British Illus.

AT RANELAGH

Mr. "Scotty" Sanford and the Marquis of Villabragima photographed after a chukker at Ranelagh. This was on the occasion of the El Gordo versus Ranelagh match

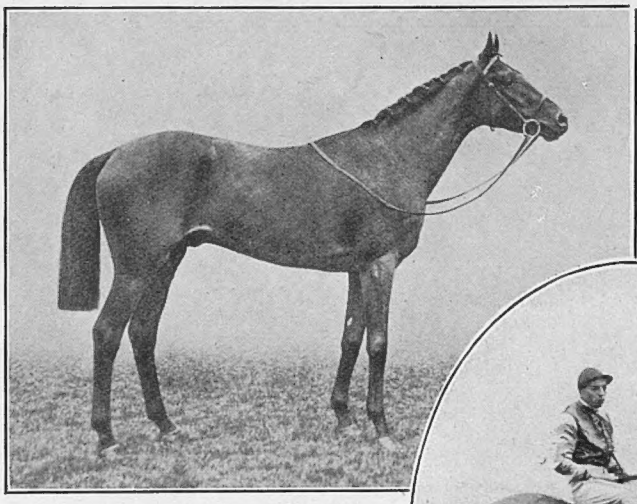
Planet News

RECENTLY MARRIED

Mr. Piers Kenrick Debenham photographed with his wife, formerly Miss Angela Paget, daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget. Mrs. Debenham is well known as a sculpturess

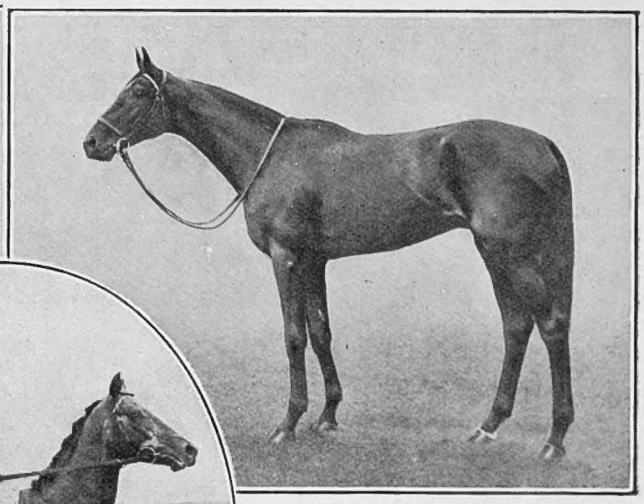
National Playing Fields

IT is good to know that the appeal made last year for the National Playing Fields Association brought in over £330,000 and nearly 400 acres of land. Over two hundred applications for grants of land for playing fields have been received, and up to the present fifty-nine schemes have been approved. Local branches are being formed all over the country. The scheme is receiving the heartiest support from the King (who gave the Association two of the Royal paddocks at Hampton Court), the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York. The Duke of Westminster has given the Association 128, Ebury Street at a peppercorn rent as its new headquarters, and, in addition, is contributing £200 a year to the administrative expenses. More members are required to extend the splendid work for our young people in populous centres. The annual subscription is £1, or life membership £10. This is a cause which your Bystander recommends very sincerely to your attention. It is only too evident that the continual growth of our cities and towns is encroaching on space which was available for the healthy recreation that is so important a feature of our national health. Only by organised effort like that of the Association can facilities for this recreation be assured.



Photographs
SIR LAURENCE PHILIPPS'S FLAMINGO

Sport and General
CAPT. G. P. GOUGH'S ROYAL MINSTREL



W. A. Rouch
LORD DERBY'S FAIRWAY

THE DERBY:

A SUMMING-UP

By "CARBINE"

SOME of the highbrows of racing are going about saying that our three-year-olds are not up to the average standard this season. That may be true, but it doesn't make the Derby less attractive than usual. Fairway looks like maintaining his favouritism up to the last. Those who should know most about this colt are firmly convinced that he is something like a great horse. I do not remember to have seen a more perfect mover for a long time. He gets his hocks underneath him in wonderful style, and this enables him to produce a tremendous stride. I see no reason why he should fail to be suited by the Epsom course, and though doubts have been expressed as to his staying powers I can perceive no reason why he should fail to get the mile and a half.

Fairway's Rivals

SINCE the time when he scored so brilliantly at Ascot I have always been one of Fairway's greatest admirers. He has been through some rough times, but at the moment he is in a state of perfect fitness and nothing will induce me to lose my faith in him providing he remains well. At the same time, one would be foolish to overlook the confidence of winning the Derby which is felt in other directions. Jack Jarvis, for example, firmly believes that Flamingo will repeat his triumph in the Guineas. If he should win on Wednesday it will be another remarkable case of "novice's luck" on the Turf, for he was the first horse owned by Sir Laurence Philipps, who until comparatively recently took no practical interest in racing affairs. Already he has experienced the satisfaction of winning a classic race at the first time of asking, a pleasure which his brother, Lord St. Davids, has never enjoyed, in spite of having owned horses for a great many years.

Flamingo's Chance

I HAD a chat with Elliott a few days ago and found that jockey tolerably sanguine about his prospects of winning the Derby for the second year in succession. He disposes of the suggestions that Flamingo has been running sourly in some of his gallops since the Guineas. According to Elliott there is nothing wrong with the colt's disposition, and he expects him to be fully 10 lb. better in the Derby than he was when he won the Two Thousand. Of course, other colts who ran in that race may have come on to a corresponding extent in the interval. I know that Royal Minstrel has progressed in a way which has greatly satisfied not only his trainer but Joe Childs, who has ridden him in most of his recent gallops, and is to take the mount in the Derby. There is a lot of prejudice against Royal Minstrel in many quarters. Some people say that he is a coarse-looking colt; others declare that his action is too round for the Epsom course, with its sharp undulations. Again, it is averred that he is not bred to stay the Derby course. In spite of all these criticisms, I maintain a wholesome respect for Royal Minstrel, and I regard him as a reasonable each-way investment.

Fred Darling Again

THE Beckhampton stable is likely to be well represented by Sunny Trace, whose running in the Guineas is dismissed as being much too bad to be true. Fred Darling has had a remarkable record in the Derby, and when he thinks he has a colt capable of winning that race we have to consider his opinion with the utmost respect. Those interested in the Beckhampton colt have the courage of their convictions, and have backed Sunny Trace in a pretty substantial way. G. Richards believes he has a great chance of winning on Lord Dewar's colt. For my part, I am still doubtful as to his ability to stay the course, though I admit it is dangerous to oppose his trainer's judgment. R. C. Dawson is by no means disposed to be pessimistic about the prospects of Ranjit Singh. A few days ago he confided in me his opinion that this colt had just as good a chance as any of the others. He says he has not been greatly impressed by the performances this season of Flamingo, nor does he believe that Fairway disposed of a brilliant lot in the Newmarket Stakes.

Favourite Should Win

THERE is also some amount of hopefulness in the Gang Warily camp, and this has been augmented by the fact that Steve Donoghue, who is to ride him, has lately been riding with something like his old dash and confidence. To me it will seem something like a miracle if Gang Warily can win the Derby so soon after the troubles which have beset him, but I know that the colt has been shaping exceedingly well in his gallops at Epsom. I shall maintain my own belief in **Fairway,** and as my second string I take **Royal Minstrel.** The great question on Friday will be whether Scuttle can follow up her Newmarket triumph by winning the Oaks for His Majesty. We have often seen the form of the fillies turned upside down at Epsom, but **Scuttle** gives one the impression of being a genuine stayer. She won the One Thousand through sheer superiority of stamina, and I think the same quality will enable her to prevail over her rivals in the Oaks. I think the best of the other fillies is likely to be **Toboggan.**

A "Derby" Toast—"May the Best Horse Win!"

BY "THE TOUT"

Lord Derby stands at the top of the table, and seated on his right is Sir L. Philipps, owner of Flamingo, and next to him is Mr. Macomber, owner of Hermit II. Next come the Aga Khan, who owns Ranjit Singh, Lord Dewar, the owner of Sunny Trace, and the Duke of Portland, who owns The Wheedler. At the foot of the table are Steve Donoghue, the famous jockey, and Mr. George Drummond, whose wife owns Gang Warily. On the latter's right are Lord Lonsdale, owner of Lodore, Fred Darling, who has trained several of this year's Derby candidates, and Lord Astor, the owner of Scatter. Mr. P. P. Gilpin, the trainer of Black Watch, is standing in the background holding a glass towards the owner of the favourite, Fairway

VARSITY NOTES

By Jock

R. R. T. YOUNG

The Hon. Secretary of the C.U.L.T.C. He is in the New Zealand Davis Cup team

CAMBRIDGE

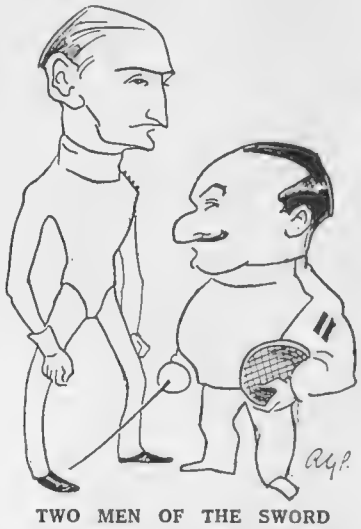
It is, I think, at the beginning of May Week that I most admire the way Cambridge does things. Look at Oxford, for instance. Their Eights Week comes in the middle of term, when everyone is having exams., and, heaven knows, it needs cast-iron nerves to enjoy entertaining people then. The Balls come quite separately later on in term. Now, at Cambridge it is quite different. First we wait like good boys until our examinations are all over. Then we have the May Races at the end of one week, a week-end to laze in, and the Balls at the beginning of the next week.

Cambridge May Week is, I suppose, as full as ever. The May Races, being the ostensible cause of the whole entertainment, you will at least patronise once. There is the Free Foresters match at Fenner's up to Friday, and then Fenner's temporarily reverts to the C.U.A.C. for Saturday's athletic meeting. This year being a leap year, and therefore having Olympic Games, the annual match is to be even more distinguished than usual, and Cambridge Past and Present will challenge an official Rest of Great Britain team. They tell me that practically all the British Olympic Team will be there. Tennis, too, there is in abundance—against Scotland on Friday, against the International L.T.C. of Great Britain on Monday, and against All England on Tuesday. The May Week debate at the Union bills G. K. Chesterton, Beverley Nichols, and the President of the Oxford Union; the A.D.C. are doing a Goldoni comedy, *The Servant of Two Masters,* and the Footlights are turning out their usual revue at the New Theatre.

Rab.

OXFORD

You want, of course, to hear about the duel. The scene was Dead Man's Walk, in Merton Gardens, and the two duellists were Maurice Green, the editor of *The Cherwell,* and Graham Eyres Monsell. Barrymore himself would have looked a nobody beside Graham. There were also the correct number of seconds and a doctor from Münich in attendance. And it was a matter of épées, and not of pistols. And it occurred not before breakfast, but after lunch. The sad sequel is known to everyone. For the University coffers are some £40 the richer for that afternoon's work, and History has acquired another page. The page of Eights Week is, of course, less novel. It is the sister's paradise, a promised land flowing with cup and strawberries, and the racing part of it takes, after all, a very few minutes indeed. A cricket match gives you a permanent background to which you can always return. But in Eights Week you have to find something to do.



TWO MEN OF THE SWORD

J. S. Williams (left), of Christ Church, and S. St. L. Zylbermann, of Exeter. They did good work in helping their University to defeat Cambridge

The evenings, of course, are simple. The George is the only possible place to dine—unless you happen to be with a member of the O.U.D.S. who is at liberty to take you to his club. There is a touch of something less stimulating about the Christ Church boats. Altogether they went down nine places in the first three nights; and only the fact that George Harwood gave his Fancy Dress party in the college has saved its face in Oxford.

Meanwhile, you must give us credit at cricket for our big effort against Glamorgan. We put together 494 runs at the rate of between 70 and 80 runs an hour.

You will have seen that we only got eight matches as against Cambridge's thirteen at tennis. Our first pair—Olmsted and de Ricon—did not really come off, but our second pair—Lingelbach and Mather—actually disposed of the New Zealand Davis Cup players. And Cambridge did not live against us at fencing. Above you will see two of our swordsmen. But don't mix them up with the Merton duel.

Jingo.

Scott and Wilkinson

A "STRIKING" SITUATION

The Cambridge Footlights Dramatic Society hard at work rehearsing for their revue "This Week of Pace." On the stage are Messrs. d'Arcy-Hildyard (left), Martineau, Fell-Clark, and Harwood

The Battle of the Blues at Fenner's

J. W. OLMSTED, the Oxford Captain, and the Cambridge Captain, H. W. AUSTIN

R. T. YOUNG (Cambridge), who beat L. W. MEADLEY 6-4, 6-4

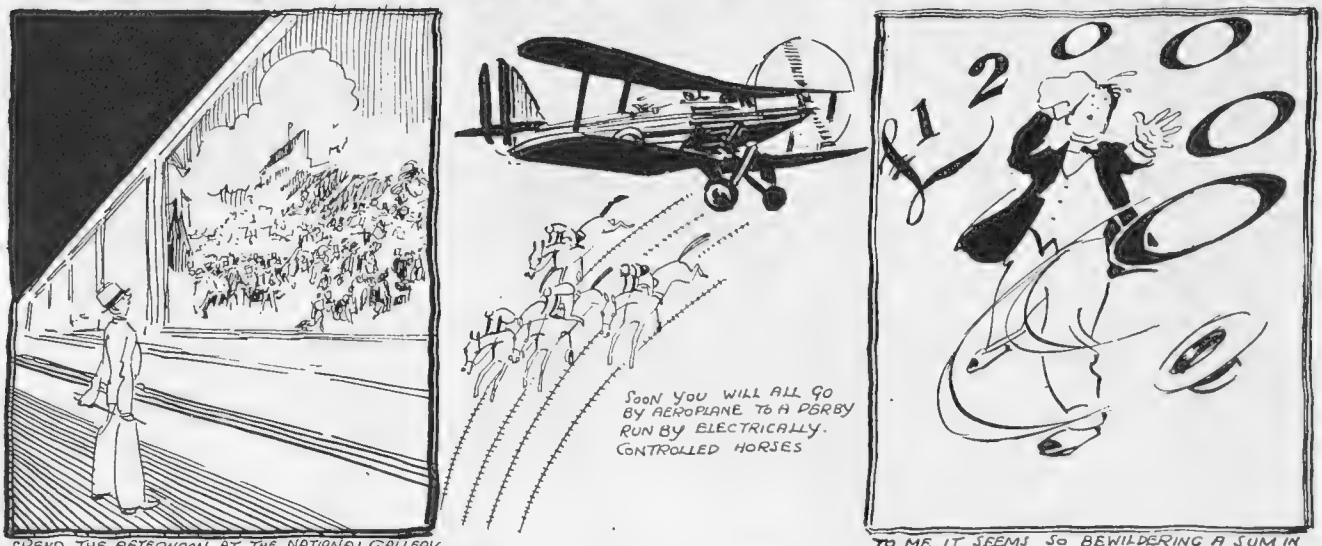
E. O. MATHER (Oxford) in action against W. L. VAN ALEN, whom he beat 6-3, 3-6, 6-4

Photographs *Sport and General*

E. D. ANDREWS, who beat his Dark Blue opponent, W. E. LINGLEBACH, by 9-7, 6-3

As was expected, Cambridge beat Oxford at Lawn Tennis for the fourth year in succession, although the final score of 13 matches to 8 was rather more in the Light Blues' favour than had been anticipated. The fact that out of fifteen players only four came from schools in the United Kingdom in not without a certain significance

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

My Backwoodsman Again

SHALL I tell you how my Backwoodsman spends Derby Day? He is an incorrigible fellow. "I come up to London for the day," he says, "and as the whole population has decamped to Epsom *en bloc* I have the city almost entirely to myself. I shall lunch on roast beef and beer in the club dining-room (which normally seats two hundred), and then I shall spend the afternoon at the National Gallery, standing in front of Frith's marvellous Derby Day picture. That's what I consider a perfect day."

Not What It Was

"THERE are no pictures like that painted now," he continues. "Petrol has taken the colour and zest out of life. Derby Day is not what it was." On my interposing the unoriginal comment that it never was, he retorts with scorn. "How do you know?" he demands. "You weren't born then. That was before the Charabanc Age." "But the traffic," I tell him, "is wonderfully controlled." "I daresay," he laments bitterly. "That only means that soon you will all go by aeroplane to a Derby run by electrically controlled horses. I shall stick all the closer to my Frith then."

Life and Colour

OF course, you never argue with a Backwoodsman. You tell him, ever so gently, that you are right and he is wrong, and leave it at that. And, of course, he is fantastically wrong about Derby Day, which, while England lasts, will always remain a rich slice of national life—a glowing kaleidoscope that momentarily touches every conceivable sort of Englishman. That is how Derby Day strikes a layman like myself, who am normally rather bored with racing. I haven't the faintest idea whether the genuine Turf enthusiast feels like that about Derby Day, too. Perhaps he resents the rather childlike enthusiasm of the outsider. I hope not.

Congratters

BY this evening you will know whether you have won the great Sweep or not. I should like to offer my sincere congratulations either way. If you have just won £200,000 or so you will, no doubt, consider yourself a fitting object for felicitation. If you have not, it is possible that you may find plenty of reasons for bearing up. I have been told that the winning of the Calcutta Sweep is by no means an unmixed blessing. It may be argued that nearly a quarter of a million is not a sum to be sneezed at. I don't know. Why not? Atishoo! I think a little community sneezing at large sums of money would do us all good.

A Quarter of a Million

To me it seems so bewildering a sum in the lump as to be rather—I won't say vulgar, but slightly silly. It is all a matter of adjustment of ideas. To the schoolboy the avuncular half-sovereign seems a princely gift. To the struggling journalist (if you can visualise such a low fellow) a fiver is heaven-sent. We all know what we could do with a hundred, or possibly a thousand, at one blow. But beyond that I fancy there would be too many tin cans tied to wealth's tail. If I am the sort of person who could only be made happy by the sudden windfall of some considerable fraction of a million, I should be a very difficult person to make happy at all.

The Cricket Brighteners

THE cricket season (praisé heaven for its mercies!) rolls along merrily, and the earnest but, in my opinion, buffle-headed persons who wish to brighten the game continue to bob up at intervals and say their little piece. I

forget exactly what it is they want this time—broader bats, or thinner umpires, or electric fast bowlers, or triangular bails, for all I know, painted mauve. The time has come when these reforming gentlemen must be dealt with faithfully. When, speaking through his whiskers, the professional brightener demands, "What's wrong with cricket?" I reply, masking my emotion, "You, sir!"

Who Are These People?

It is not so much that cricket is probably the one perfect thing in an imperfect world. It is a personal matter. Every cricketer, from the best (say, Hobbs) to the worst (say, myself), feels that cricket belongs to him. Cricket (Hobbs and I would say) is *our* game. Who are these people who are going to brighten it for us? They are not cricketers, obviously, or they would not be imbued with such sentiments. Then who are they? Are they vegetarians, football spectators, chartered accountants, or bookmakers?

Hobbs and I

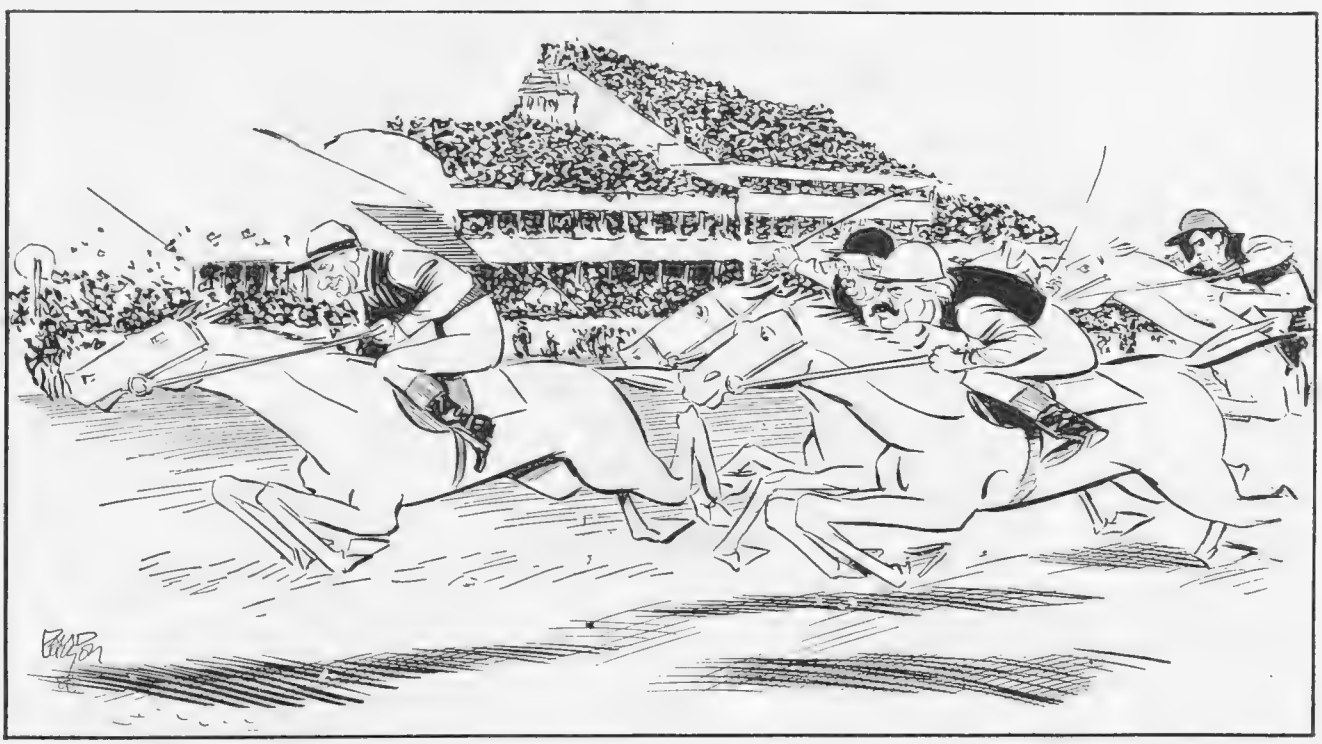
Proceed with your brightening (Hobbs and I would say) by all means. Have eleven stumps, or paint the wicket-keeper blue or whatever you wish. But when you have finished, call the result Bumbledinky, or some other name. It will, no doubt, be magnificent, but it will not be cricket. Go and play it in Baluchistan. Otherwise, my good vegetarians, Soccer fans, chartered accountants, and bookmakers, kindly leave our game alone. We do not demand that you should have longer parsnips, wider goal-posts, brighter bookkeeping, or broader cigar bands. We do not interfere with your pleasures, however little we may esteem them. Then leave our game, if you please, in our hands. This (Hobbs and I will conclude) is the last time we intend to speak on the matter.

Our Summer Number

Wednesday, June 13, will undoubtedly be one of the jolliest days of the season, for it is on that date that The Bystander Summer Number will appear. A double number at the usual price of one shilling, it will contain as many as seventeen pages in colour. Among the artists who will brighten its pages are H. H. Harris, Howard Elcock, A. Bailey, Will Owen, Starr Wood, Webster Murray, and Helen McKie, whilst Dell Leigh contributes a further special article on Seductive Golf Courses; Arthur Mills has written an entertaining short story, "On Behalf of Charity"; A. J. Talbot has written a humorous sketch, and K. R. G. Browne also adds to the gaiety of nations. All the usual features will also be found in this special Summer Number.

The Idler's Profession

Those writers who have achieved the greatest output have always set themselves down as lazy. Dr. Johnson always lamented the fact that he was an idle dog. It is your niggling stylist, who spends a year in trimming and polishing a sonnet, who feels that he is unduly burdened and overworked. On the other hand, a man like John Buchan, one of the few orators left in Parliament, who runs a big publishing business and sits down at odd week-ends to write the novel of the year, would probably tell you that he did not fill in his time nearly as usefully as he felt he should!



By David Wilson

THE "POLITICAL DERBY"—"COME ON, STANLEY!"

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Galloping Again

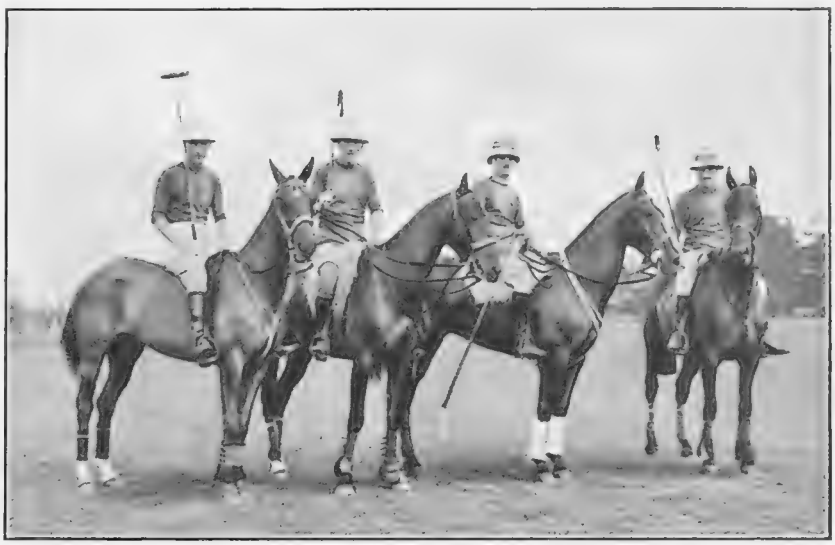
AFTER a dreary interval of nearly a fortnight, during which polo was stopped on account of bad weather, it was delightful to see the galloping game at something like its brightest and best last week. The Hurlingham people make a point of providing special attractions for Whit Monday. On this occasion two matches between high-class sides proved greatly to the liking of the large company which mustered round the famous No. 1 ground. In accordance with custom the gate-money public were admitted to one side of the ground, and I was glad to see a good many people exercising this privilege of looking on at what is perhaps the most spectacular and exciting pastime. The Hurlingham polo executive had been at pains to fix up teams of equal merit. They were well rewarded in that both games were fought out with tremendous keenness from beginning to end.

Eastcott in Form

THE better of the two matches was that between the Hurlingham side and an American team. The latter in reality was the well-known Eastcott side, comprising Mr. Harry East, Mr. Earl Hopping and his son, and Mr. R. Wanamaker. The Hurlingham four are better known in tournament play as the Hurricanes. Mr. S. Sanford had his championship combination in the field, Captain C. T. I. Roark being at No. 2, while Wing-Commander P. K. Wise and Major Jack Harrison operated in the defence. It is not surprising that the latter team proved successful, but the issue remained in doubt almost up to the last stroke, and it was only by 9 goals to 8 that the Club side claimed the victory It was appropriate that it should have been left to the organiser of the team, Mr. Sanford, to hit the winning goal after a particularly fine run. He has some of the best ponies in the world, and when they get on the gallop they want checking. Had this game been played on the handicap, the American team would have been entitled to a substantial start, so it was highly creditable for them to have failed only by the margin of a single goal after the score had been 7 all in the fifth chukker.

Army Players

THE other game was between the Army and another Hurlingham team, comprising Captain J. de Pret, Lt.-Col. H. G. M. Pleydell-Railston, Captain N. Scott Robson, and Major A. L. Anderson. A pretty warm Army team had been got together, made up of Captain Selby McCreery, Captain R. Verelst, Captain C. H. Tremayne, and Mr. H. P. Guinness. The last-named is the player who accompanied the Army in India team, as spare man, to America last autumn, and did very well there when given his chance in the open championship. Playing for the Cavaliers in the first fortnight of the London season, Mr. Guinness did not exactly come off, but on Whit Monday he showed a glimpse of his true form, and it was easy to tell how he has acquired his high reputation in India.



POLO AT ROEHAMPTON

The El Gordo team, who were beaten by the 17/21st Lancers in the Roehampton Open Challenge Cup by 10—4. Mr. Lewis Lacey (left), Mr. J. A. E. Traill, the Marquis de Villabragima and the Duke of Peñeranda

Photographs *W. A. Rouch*

THE HURRICANES

Who defeated the Harlequins by 13 goals to 9 in their match in the Roehampton Open Challenge Cup. Mr. S. Sanford (left), Capt. C. T. I. Roark, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise, and Major J. F. Harrison

El Gordo Disappoint

AT Ranelagh, on the same afternoon, El Gordo were at full strength, Mr. Lewis Lacey having just joined the team. They failed in their task of conceding a long start to the Cavaliers, while a day or two later they were heavily beaten by the 17th/21st Lancers in the Roehampton Cup. The Duke of Peñeranda's side will surely do much better than this when they have got properly into their stride. An attraction at Roehampton last week was the match for the Public Schools Cup between the Old Etonians and the Old Harrovians, the former winning by 9 goals to 7.

Sporting Occasions on the Race Track

ROUNDING THE BEND *Express Photos*

J. Etherington taking the maze hairpin bend during the Motor Cycling Road Races at the Crystal Palace. The strenuous gymnastics of his passenger prove that the latter has much more than a nominal part to play in the proceedings

G.P.U.

A WHITE CITY WINNER

Vic Huxley, who won the Silver Sash race on the White City Dirt Track. He beat B. Lamont by a quarter of a lap

AFTER THE RACE *Sport and General*

Mr. Gordon Hendy at the wheel of his Austin at Brooklands. He won the 75 m.p.h. Short Handicap on Whit Monday

The glorious Whitsun weather drew vast crowds to the motor cycle and racing car tracks in and around London. The dirt-track racing established its popularity, whilst the crowds which flocked to Brooklands were as large as ever

A RECORD BREAKER *Sport and General*

Kaye Don photographed in the paddock in his 12-cylinder super-charged Sunbeam at Brooklands on Whit Monday. He won the Lightning Short Handicap at 112·43 m.p.h. and later the Gold Star Handicap at 128·36 m.p.h.

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

COME WITH ME

AT THE NEW THEATRE

Produced April 19, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

Lenare

WHEN TRUE LOVE GOES AWRY

Ronald Luckin (Herbert Marshall) tries to combine love-making with the inventing of new motor cars. Cecil Zaidner (Edna Best), who has given up "all for love," feels rather hurt at sharing Ronald's affections with a machine

WE begin with the Saloon of the country house of the Zaidner family, who seem to be quite agreeably rich. It is a sort of ante-chamber to the dining-room, and it is apparently called the Saloon because everybody on arriving either takes a drink or refuses the offer of one. If we ever go Prohibitionist in this country our popular dramatists will have to think up some other way of filling in awkward pauses in the dialogue. One of the first arrivals of importance is Mr. Ronald Luckin, who is something in the motor industry, and who also, it appears, knows how to mend pianos. It is not very clear how he comes to be on such familiar terms with the wealthy Zaidners, but the first thing we know is that he is reproaching Miss Cecil Zaidner, the daughter of the house, because she cannot see her way to love him for himself alone.

THEN there is the Hon. Brian Dapplyn, who also is in love with the dainty Cecil. He is understood to be frightfully rich, and as he is presumably heir to some kind of a peerage as well, he has all the qualifications for a flappers' darling, especially as he is a young man of quite agreeable presence. Cecil thinks she would like to become engaged to him, but on maturer reflection she decides that she prefers the comparatively indigent Ronald Luckin. This is, of course, pure Romance. When that sort of thing comes in at the door, the probabilities fly out of the window with apologies for unwarrantable intrusion. As Ronald is in the motor car trade he naturally has one of the things always handy. In the old days, it is alleged, an amorous couple, on catching sight of a church, decided to go inside and get married. Now, with a motor car at the door, the obvious thing to do is to suggest elopement. And Ronald and Cecil elope accordingly.

WITH the coming of the Second Act we find that the young people have been married a year, and we have it on theatrical record that the first year is always the worst. Ronald is devoting his days to the invention of a new kind of car that can be run with a minimum of complicated machinery, coupled with a maximum of hope and faith. He and his wife live over the shop in the approved manner of our forefathers who hoped by diligence in their business to stand before kings. Cecil is not unnaturally beginning to regret the luxurious home she left behind to marry into the motor trade. She pines for joy-rides and the Bright Life generally, while Ronald can think of nothing but his dreary invention. Then Ronald's "people," who are quite lower-middle-class, keep popping in to criticise Cecil's imperfect methods of housekeeping, and she is coming to the dismal conclusion that Romance is not all that it is cracked up to be.

CONSEQUENTLY, when the Hon. Brian takes up the trail again, Cecil is rather inclined to listen to his seductive talk. She makes no secret of the fact that she corresponds with him by letter, and is rather pained when Ronald forbids her to continue so dangerous an acquaintance. Further, Ronald drops the Hon. Brian a few words on his own account, warning him to keep off the grass, or be prepared for more or less dreadful consequences. Brian, therefore, is obliged to resort to strategy in the pursuit of his misplaced affection. Late one night he causes a telephone message to be sent to Ronald's garage to say that

there is a breakdown on the road some miles away, and the Automobile Association will be greatly obliged if Ronald will step across and give the trouble his personal attention.

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DURING Ronald's absence Brian rings at the door of the garage, and Cecil gets out of bed and comes downstairs in what we are assured is an emergency wardrobe, consisting of her pyjamas, a pair of rubber boots and a mackintosh to keep out the cold night air. Brian's idea is that Cecil shall elope with him there and then. She has eloped before, and must be therefore something of an expert in the rules of the game. Cecil does not actually say that this is so sudden, but we cannot help thinking that it is fairly swift. She says she will think the idea over, but has no objection to going with Brian to have a look at his nice new car. Meanwhile Ronald returns from what he fancies must have been a fool's errand, and goes upstairs to bed.

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THEN into the picture come Sam Blott and Dante Anello, the two mechanics of the garage. They have been spending the evening at the local inn, and are both a little noisy in consequence. Dante's idea is that he would like to take the newly-invented car out for a trial spin, just to see if it is all that is claimed for it. Before the engine can be started, however, Brian and Cecil return, and, deciding that someone is trying to steal the car, give the alarm accordingly. Down the stairs comes Ronald hot-foot with a revolver. After a brief glance at the scene he shoots at random, with the sad result that Brian gets potted in the back and goes off suddenly to join the angel choir. (At least we hope for the best.)

S

THEN we get the great feature of the play, the trial of Ronald Luckin on a charge of wilful murder. It would seem as if the producer has been a little over-anxious to impress upon us how true to life he has been able to make his scene, but he has, I am afraid, exhibited too much zeal in this direction. After all, experienced theatre-goers know that in a drama of this kind the hero is bound to be acquitted, so that the legal arguments and summing up rather suggest the proverbially futile job of ploughing the sand.

S

OUTSIDE the plot, however, the play is distinguished by a number of well-drawn characters played with striking excellence. Mr. Eliot Makeham as the bibulous Blott of Communistic ideals is delightfully humorous, especially as a hazy witness at the trial. Mr. Herbert Marshall plays Ronald in his forceful and convincing way, and Mr. Ian Hunter is the interloping Brian; while Miss Edna Best acts with her usual charm and power. But we leave the theatre in some doubt as to whether the shooting really was an accident, or whether, as Ronald himself seems to think on reflection, it was murder in the first degree.

JINGLE.

"NOT IN MY DAY!" *Lenare*

Old Lady Dunnage (Mabel Sealby), who is Cecil's (Edna Best) grandmother, blows in to give one of her customary lectures on the enormity of youth. Cecil and her husband Ronald (Herbert Marshall) bear up bravely

By PENDARVES

Illustration by GILBERT WILKINSON

He said (he's disgustingly rich): "You've never seen the *Derby?* Don't be childish, my dear man—I mean . . ." And it all began like that.

Midas is of those who hire motor omnibuses on the principle of the more the merrier and damn the expense. The lunch goes outside and his guests go inside until the position of both is reversed—which is not for quite an appreciable time. What the lunch cost him I have no idea. I am only clear about what the day cost me: and about that my clarity is as of a crystal. In case you may not have "done the Derby" *en masse* in a motor omnibus here are a few of many things that may happen to you.

Fifteen you will be to start with or thereabouts, though you will collect camp followers *en route:* people of both sexes and all ages, who will clamber on to the step, all of whom have been ordained by a benign Providence to "bring you luck"—for a trifling consideration. And of these fifteen over-dressed people you know two and loathe the sight of the remaining thirteen: and it is a bitterly cold morning at 8.30, when you rendezvous, and a wet day is imminent. However, the conversation is all of 'form," and the least you can do is to listen, because these people quite obviously *know* something The point is *which* of them knows the most?

Very odd thing, but it appears that they have practically all got a relation who "was talking to the trainer of the animal only last week, and he *ought* to know, oughtn't he"? . . . . You learn that the favourite is "a boosted horse." That the third favourite is "a dark horse." That a rank outsider has "as good a chance as most of them." In fact, pearls of wisdom and of starting prices drop upon you the whole way down—until you are none the wiser than you were long before you started. You have made up your mind *really* about your horse (your wife has had a dream about a "fairway" on her golf course whereon she picked up a purse! And if *that* isn't good enough? Besides, she is always right. Hasn't she said so, over and over and over . . . ?)

Respite is afforded when you reach the course and the 'bus bustles and backs into its allotted place "on the rails" (a quarter of a mile from the winning post), because the party breaks up until lunch time. So you wander away into the maelstrom, into which you are sucked irresistibly, surely and perilously. Stands a man bellowing in a jockey's cap and coat (whose are those colours? You seem to know them.) "What did I tell yer at 'Urst Park? Didn' I give yer two ten ter ones lars' week? *Didn'* I?" Did he, by Gum? You draw nearer. So do several others. ". . . Lok 'ere: them as knows *me* knows I'm strite: see? Them as don' know me *will* know me AND bless me arter this 'ere Durby 'orseraice—see? . . . Now then . . ." An earnestness is in his eyes: convincing words upon his lips: and a packet of envelopes in his hand: half a crown, and cheap at the price. What is half a crown on a day like this?

Now the saddling bell has rung. Lunch is over. Fifteen damnice people: cheery lot, very. Where does Midas get that 1919 Bubbly—you thought it had nearly all gone? Why not have another small bet—lay off a little? One small fiver—make no difference. The fever of the Derby, and all that it means to the waiting world, is at its height.

In a few short minutes all will be over. You may never have such a chance again. Besides, you drew the second favourite in the Club Sweep yesterday—you *can't* lose *much.* Helofacrowd in Tats: never get near the feller . . .

But you do. You mouth at him. He mouths at you. Nobody can hear anybody speak. P'raps its as well. Not a fiver—a tenner—why not? In for a penny . . . They are passing in the Parade: a marvellous sight. But you can't see *your* horse: surely the brute's running? Of course—don't be silly . . . Agony for ten minutes—or is it ten hours? THEY'RE OFF!!

The whole world stands stone still. Not only here in this great arena of the millions—but everywhere, from Huddersfield to Honolulu. The pendulum of time has ceased to swing . . . Then the murmur and ejaculations grow to a tumult—an ear-splitting snarl—a smashing roar of voices. The name of every horse but yours. Which? Which? You don't mean it? *Is—that—so?* How much? Two lengths? From whom? And the third? *Really?*

Thank you . . . !

Where in the name of all that is frightful is this infernal 'bus? Fool not to have stayed with them. How much exactly have you dropped over this idiotic business? Good *heavens* . . .

It may be like that—on the other hand it may not. It may be quite the reverse. You never know. But in either case the drive home from Epsom seems a very long way to most people on "Durby" day.

The Surrey Championship at Surbiton

Sport and General

MISS P. SAUNDERS and MISS G. R. STERRY, who beat MRS. COVELL and MRS. SHEPHERD BARRON in the Women's Doubles, 6—3, 3—6, 6—3

L.N.A.

MISS E. A. GOLDSACK (left), who won the Women's Singles from MISS J. C. RIDLEY (on the right), 6—4, 6—2

Sport and General

R. LYCETT and P. D. B. SPENCE, who beat G. R. O. CROLE-REES and C. G. EAMES in the Doubles with the fine score of 7—5, 7—5

The Surrey Grass Court Championships, which recently took place at Berrylands, Surbiton, ended in a blaze of sunshine and a veritable triumph for Randolph Lycett and P. D. B. Spence, who, in the final of the Men's Doubles, beat the holders, C. G. Eames and G. R. O. Crole-Rees in two straight sets by 7-5, 7-5. Colonel H. G. Mayes won the Men's Singles and Miss Goldsack beat Miss Joan Ridley in the final of the Women's Singles

L.N.A.

MISS FREDA ALLANSON playing in the Women's Singles

L.N.A.

MISS BETTY HOLLY in play in the Women's Singles

Our Upside-Down Weather

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

For the past few years it seems to have been the custom for the Derby to be run in a rainstorm. Whether it will be fine this year rests on the knees of the gods, but we have endeavoured to give a representation of to-day's great race which will be authentic, whatever happens

SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS*

No. III—GODS OF THE GAME

"Alas! that green required 5 putts from him"

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S at Sandwich, it was explained to a couple of thrustful men who had never adventured upon it, is one of the most famous courses in the world. It is one of the three in England on which both the Open and the Amateur Championships have been played. Many people have endeavoured to define its peculiar charm in a few words; most have failed. I always think that its finest testimonial (not that it requires to advertise itself, quite the contrary) lies in the fact that hither came a man once for a week-end's golf, and he took some lodgings for that purpose in the sleepy little town of Sandwich. That was forty years ago. He has remained there ever since. He is now seventy-six years of age, and he plays his two rounds a day with the best of them.

But you cannot, as might be thought, just walk in here, slap your money down on the bar counter and tell the steward you want to pay a green fee. This is a club in the strict sense of the word, and you are expected to be introduced by and play with a member; which is only right and proper on a course which is good enough consistently to defeat the gods of the game. However, having arrived there and been passed as a person who is thoughtful enough to see that divots are *really* replaced, and replaced properly, you can straightway become lost in a desert of delightful golf.

They will give you a little ground plan of the course on arrival; you know the sort of thing—lines marking the direction of the holes, Nos. 1-2-5, etc., and it all looks straightforward enough, except that there is a patch of shading on the sketch marked "The Maiden," and another marked "Hades." Both endroits are well named, for the one spot has all the elusiveness and self-possession and guile of the modern flapper, and the other place is—well, just what it says it is.

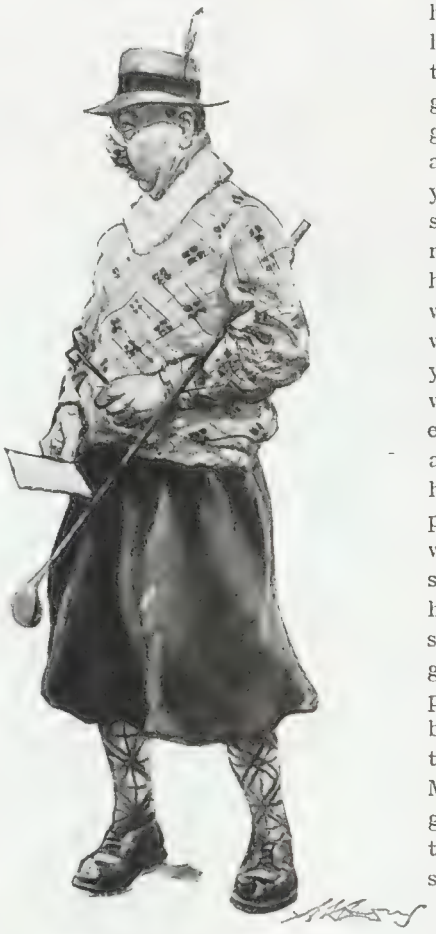
I had nearly called this course "The Terror" in my series, and am only restrained from doing so by the reflection that perhaps some good men and true might not attempt it if they had the opportunity. But a terror to the erratic man who lifts his head prematurely it most certainly is. On the other hand, until an ambitious player, seeking experience and golf knowledge, has embarked here upon a tilt with fortune his education of England's classic courses is incomplete. And when he leaves, no matter how ill or well he may have acquitted himself, he will have learned a lot of lessons, of a kind that will stand him in surprisingly good stead thereafter when he comes to play on the mediocres about the land.

St. George's has three great characteristics and a domineering personality. The first is its solitude. The club house itself was once an old Kentish farm house, standing away from the world among these dune lands. It is still well isolated from the scurrying world to-day, but has been so modernised and enlarged that it is now one of the most complete and comfortable of its kind in England. The solitude of its fairways must be a great joy to the nervy man, the sight of whose fellow-creatures to port, starboard, ahead and astern moves him towards the fluffed shot. The billowing nature of the ground, its steep ridges and deep recesses, are such that you are lost sight of continually by all except your caddie—and he has long since become inured to your peccadillos in any case. At one particular hole in a three-ball match here upon a day of wind and woe our shots went in three totally different directions, and we reappeared, in the fullness of time, on the green with greetings of a cordial nature as of close friends long parted. There was a whole constellation of stars shooting pyrotechnically about this course on that eventful day, and we hardly saw them; it was as well.

Its second great feature is its sand. Not flat and purposeless as upon the seashore close by, but residing in chasms of precipitous face, and heaped up in frowning walls of obstruction just ahead of your tee shot; marked provokingly, jeeringly, by little guide flags which seem to say "this way—if you can." The psychological effect of these walls and fissures of sand upon two out of three of us upon that day was really very instructive. Royal St. George's has nothing so portentous and terrifying as the sepulchre which faces you on the 18th tee at Rye, for example. But bunkers of sufficient vastness and sandy hills of sufficient defiance lie all round and about waiting grimly to put more than the average number of temperamental players completely off their shot. How puerile this is was exemplified on that day. For, with the regularity of clockwork, every time two of us were confronted by these ogres of obstruction the drives went smack into the middle of them. Whenever there seemed ample

elbow room, on the other hand, the drives went whallop down the middle into the dim and delightful distance. So much was there of this auto-suggestion that one of us at sight of them would say laconically, "Your hole"; and so it invariably was.

Its third entrancing study—never completely learned by heart by even the gods of the game at any one session—is its putting greens. Many championship matches have been lost on these lovely greens when the man's play elsewhere about the course has been mechanical in its perfection. As Mr. Bernard Darwin says so truly: "Some are beautiful merely to look at and all are beautiful to putt upon." They are so big and so smooth and so exasperatingly cunning. One may be a bit slow; the next will be as slippery as ice. One may appear a straight-up tap with the putter—but is not; another will have wiggley undulations upon it with that horrible thing known as "draw," so that, although you have allowed most expertly for the fall away of the green, there is more—or less—than you calculated; and the other fellow has now two for it and is lying almost dead. A great little man who plays here frequently has never quite been able to get round in 90. But he promised his regular caddie that if he ever did he would give him £50. One day everything went very well, and he found himself on the 18th green in 88. The caddie had begun mentally to make his purchases in the town that evening. But, alas! that green required 5 putts from him. But the caddie got a silver watch, suitably inscribed, which was at least something.

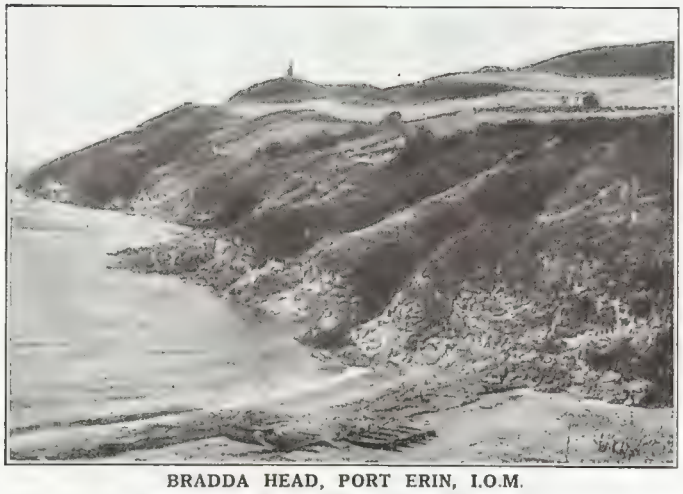


"An ambitious player seeking experience and golf knowledge"

The personality of St. George's is majestic. You need only stand on the slopes surrounding the famous 6th hole—The Maiden—and gaze over this undulating Mecca of golfing land to realise vividly how perfectly Nature has designed this part of the world for the gods of the game; and even they have to set their teeth and concentrate their minds tensely on the matter in hand if their habitual standard is to be maintained. St. George has two distinct faces upon his body. For the first nine holes he turns one towards you. Through the fairways of these are woven the greatest chance of glory and the gravest faces of disaster; here are most of the big hills and the yawning, greedy bunkers. In the second half we have left, for the most part, the secret valleys and the hidden greens and come upon a wider plain where we can at least see what we are about to do. "Ah," you say, "we have got over the worst—the rest is evidently much easier." And then you can guess again, for though more open the holes are longer; we shall in all probability only get one three, and we shall equally certainly get several sevens—if we are lucky! The last half of this incomparable course is, strangely enough, more testing to the good player than to the bad. Many people have come to the turn, breathed a sigh of relief and said things like, "What am I out in? M'm, that's not too bad, rather good, in fact." And then, playing the next hole, they have entered the slough of despond.

And all the way round the caddies will point out to you places where the gods have fallen by the wayside. Here is a bunker that nearly finished Walter Hagen; on this green Jimmy Taylor took three fatal putts in such and such a year; here where Kirkwood, the Australian, put his drive into that there bunker, "the 'ole cost 'im six." I must say I rather encourage such informative history in places like St. George's—it heartens me to better things myself. For if *they* can do it—well, there is still hope . . .

D. L.



BRADDA HEAD, PORT ERIN, I.O.M.
Showing the golf course on the headland

Holiday Golf

THE Isle of Man has varied attractions to offer to all classes of holiday-makers, but especially should it prove to be the ideal place for golfers.

There are nine courses on the island, each of a sporting character, and each within easy reach of any of the charming and picturesque resorts the visitor may be staying at. Green fees are moderate and visitors can enter for the various competitions that are held during the summer.

The island is well served by steamers and trains. The railway companies, the London Midland and Scottish and the Great Western, have arranged to provide an extensive service. Illustrated handbooks giving a comprehensive description of all that Manxland has to offer holiday-makers can be obtained from the railways mentioned above and from the Isle of Man Information Department, Douglas, I.O.M.

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. H. HARRIS

FAMOUS GOLFERS CAUGHT IN THE ACT: No. 13—ROGER WETHERED

This famous amateur is seen here playing one of the most difficult shots of the game, "recovering from heather." His short follow through and the lowness of his club during this shot are noticeable. Mr. Wethered was always a hot favourite for the Amateur Championship

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra

Two Stars of London's Theatreland

Mabel Robey

MISS SYLVIA LESLIE

Peter North

MISS MARJORIE MARS

Two young actresses of note who are now appearing in successful London productions. Miss Sylvia Leslie, above, has a leading part in "So This Is Love," the musical play at the Winter Garden Theatre, and Miss Marjorie Mars, on the right, is appearing in Miles Malleson's comedy, "Four People," which is at the St. Martin's Theatre

BY WILTON WILLIAMS

A "BARE" LIVING

"THEY'RE

The thrilling spectacle as the horses get away for the start of the famous race is graphically portrayed in the above picture. A
marking the fortunes of favourite and outsider as they head

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

RE OFF!"

A thunder of hoofs, a flash of colour, and they are off on the great race, the roars of excited cheering from the vast crowd ead for Tattenham Corner and the straight that lies beyond

fit

Wherever cars are parked look at the tyres and note the popularity of Dunlop. Motorists everywhere know that Dunlop stands for highest tyre quality and consistent service.

DUNLOP

as British as the flag

C.F.H. 71

"Skin Deep"

A COMEDY OF "FACE VALUES" AT THE CRITERION

"Skin Deep," the new comedy at the Criterion, proves that the author, Mr. Ernest Enderline, has a keen eye for those little wiles and schemes by which Woman attempts to boost her stock. The whole-hearted enthusiasm with which two middle-aged ladies set about a course of beauty treatment to capture the heart of Man and the sequels to their efforts provide an evening of laughter

Photographs WHEN THREE CAN BE A CROWD *Stage Photo Co.*

Olivia Brandon (Athene Seyler) shows marked disapproval on discovering her dear friend Edna Page (Henrietta Watson) setting her cap—or rather her cigarette—at that eligible bachelor George Merridew (Frederick Lloyd). Above, Olivia is seen trying the effects of her beauty treatment on young Steve Shirley (Leonard Upton) Alas, despite her womanly wiles, the impressionable youth falls to the "come on Steve" appeal he reads in the eyes of the beautiful Miss Baxter (Carol Goodner) from the Beauty-parlour

AS OLD, perhaps, as any other habit of man, is the habit of carrying a stick. Indeed it is well-nigh an instinct.

Take away the swagger stick from your young guardsman, and with the stick goes much of the swagger. Bereft of his rolled-up umbrella — really only another sort of stick — your portly gentleman of the city wilts perceptibly.

As for Johnnie Walker's stick —— than which no walking-stick in the world is better known —— nothing can wrest it from him. It is the sceptre of his sovereignty.

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—Still going Strong.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

PARISIANA

By "RENÉ"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Back or front?"

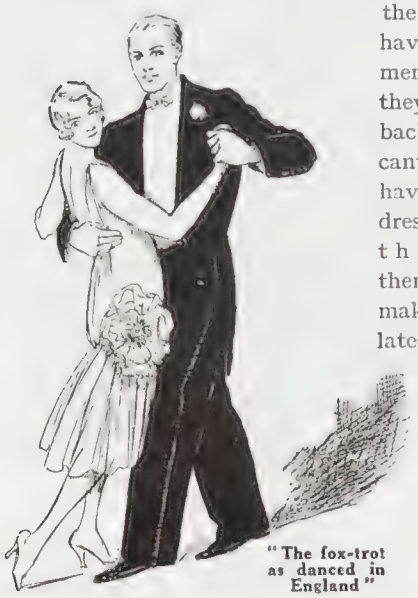
MES AMIS,

WE are in the throes of a great "Back or Front?" controversy. The quarrel is whether the "See-more" frocks should concentrate on revelations before or revelations aft. And one of the funny things about the conflict is the people who are conducting it. In the first place, they are not even women—who would appear to have almost exclusive rights of pronouncement on such a problem. They are just meddling men. And, in the second place, they are not dressmakers—the one set of men who would be automatically allowed qualifications.

THE outstanding protagonist is a journalist, Maurice de Waleffe, and the others are a band of young artists, who prefer to remain anonymous, but who would probably be equally unknown if they signed their names in full. All these interfering males are parading a riotous anger because the Rue de la Paix dressmakers are inclined at present to favour the *decolletage du dos* instead of the old-fashioned *decolletage* that encouraged a liberal display of *poitrine*. They demand a right-about face.

OF course, everybody is entitled to an expression of opinion in a free Europe, but what we cannot allow to pass unchallenged is Maurice de Waleffe's allegation that it is English women "who want to conceal their defects," who are responsible for the transference of the *decolletage* from the front to the back. English women, according to the moping Maurice, have no chests worth mentioning, whereas they have muscular backs, and so, says he cantankerously, they have dictated to the dressmakers the style that would favour them, and the dressmakers have capitulated, robbing the French women, who are plentifully endowed with *poitrine*, of the opportunity for a generous revelation of their charms.

"He would like to show them"



"The fox-trot as danced in England"

NOW Monsieur Maurice is a man with a permanent grievance against the English because, as dictators of men's fashions, they insist on the retention of trousers, and will have no truck with his campaign for the wearing of knee-breeches. He happens to possess a well-turned pair of calves, and would like to be able to show them, but he cannot very well wear knee-breeches all alone, and so he has to conceal his attributes beneath detested "bags." But we cannot accept this as a justification of the unkind charge that English women are all pancake-chested. Let M. de Waleffe take an excursion in Devon and Somerset, where they revel in cream and cider. Then would his eyes open widely and admiringly. As for the young artists, they paint "in reverse" anyway, so the bare-backs should be an ideally contrariwise inspiration.

WHILE we emphatically decline the too-flattering allegation that it is English women who have determined Paris fashions in frocks, we can accept the agreeable compliment that Paris and the whole of Europe are about to follow the English lead in dancing and accord popularity to the fox-trot as danced in the homes of England. This is the verdict of the authorities who sat in judgment at the international dance championships which have been contested in the French capital. They recognise the value of English good taste in this field.

"THE ridiculous 'shimmy,' with its epileptic shivers, has gone for ever, and the over-spicy Charleston has lost enormous ground," said one of them, "the Charleston having become too vulgar as danced by many people." One can heartily agree with him that the solo Charleston may have been very fine as acrobatics, but was certainly not dancing, any more than the catch-as-catch-can movements of various exhibition couples are dancing. And if the French *dancings* quieten down as the result of English influence, that will be a very pleasant result to record—almost

compensation for having lost the Ladies' Golf Championship to France once more.

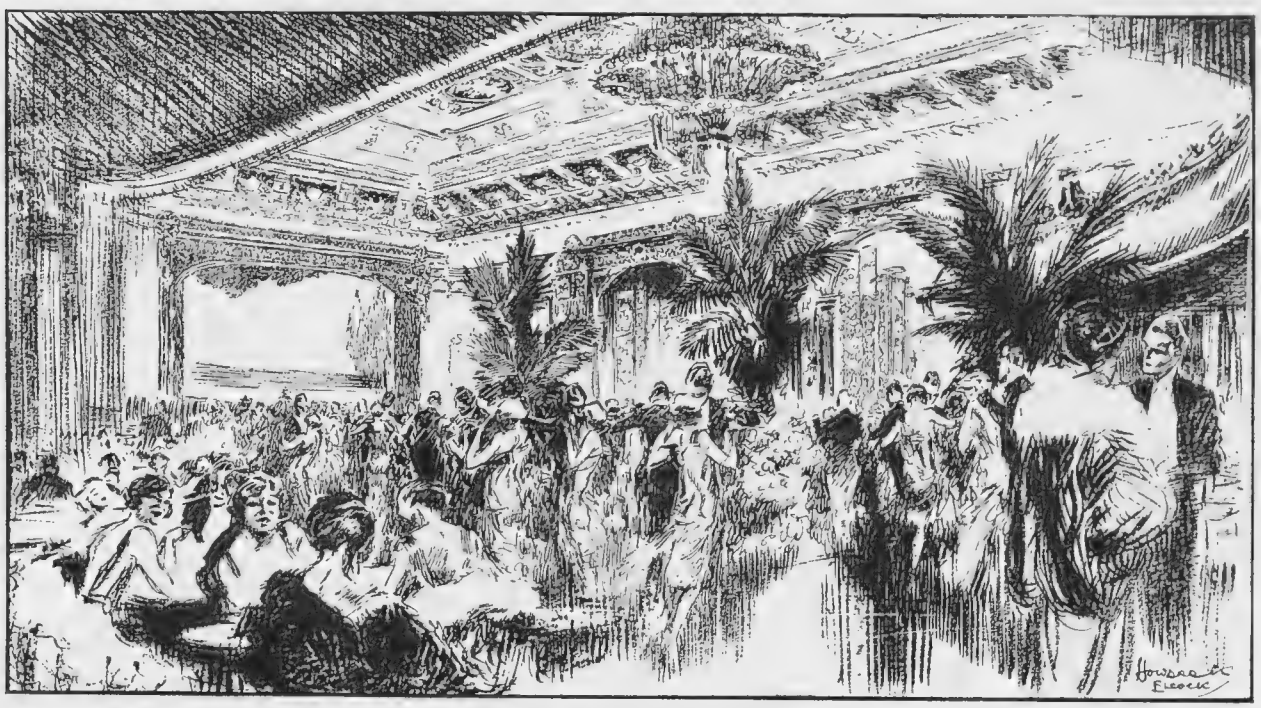
En passant, it is not so very long since British golfers used to laugh at French golf, forgetting that British tennis players had laughed rather unwisely before them over French tennis, while boxers had made a similar mistake when Georges Carpentier began to lay them low. French tennis produced fairly rapidly Suzanne Lenglen, Lacoste, Borotra, and Cochet, but French golf has been swifter in developing last year's English lady champion, Simone Thion de la Chaume, and this year's champion, Manette le Blan. We need to get well in mind the fact that the French are exceptionally quick to learn, and jump from the beginner to the championship class with startling rapidity. All the same, it is rather surprising that, with only two first-class girl golfers, they have captured the English Women's Championship for two years in succession, although our lady players of first rank are reckoned in dozens.

"British golfers used to laugh at French golf"

In what is rather a depressing period for British sport, we have, fortunately, one group who can maintain the old superiority. These are the women lawn tennis players who, as a very solid and sound dozen, could easily rout the best dozen of any other nation. They trounced the French girls in the international match at the magnificent new Paris Stadium with a very comforting thoroughness. They also accomplished another feat on behalf of England, which was much less expected, not only by themselves, but by everybody else. They eclipsed the French girls in elegance of dressing. That was a wonderful triumph—to come to Paris and appear on the courts looking daintier than the French women. All the tennis critics—and even the sporting writers of Paris are expert commentators on dress—were captivated by the *gracieuses* girls from England, and told their *compatriotes* they would do well to copy their styles.

Almost anybody would expect a State theatre to be a very prim and proper place, quite different in atmosphere from the free-and-easy ways of a music-hall. Yet, according to M. Fresnay, or the friends speaking on his behalf, there is no Paris theatre more ruled by *galanterie* than the Comédie Française, which is suing him because he left. The suggestion is that it is far easier for the *protégée* of a Cabinet Minister, or other influential politician, to secure an engagement at the first theatre of France than it is for a young actress of talent who has no "acquaintances." Well, it is a hard cause for an actor to fight, even though he has the talent that everyone concedes to M. Fresnay. What is to be expected from politicians? They have their *amies*, and they like them to be *bien placées*. Besides, it is so flattering to their own vanity to be able to refer to them as actresses of the Comédie Française.

René.



AN INTERLAKEN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT By Howard K. Elcock

There are few places in Switzerland more beautiful in the Spring and early Summer than Interlaken, when the surrounding valleys are particularly lovely in their freshness and colour. When the "shades of night are falling fast" over the Alpine valleys large numbers of visitors repair to the casino, where the authorities cater particularly well for their entertainment. The ballroom is particularly fine, both in its decoration and the quality of the fêtes which take place there

Dancing à l'Espagnole at Princes'

Peter North

VANDA AND VLADIMIR

The well-known dancers, whose sensational performance at the Princes' Restaurant has proved very popular and added to the success of a delightful entertainment

THE SCENE AT THE OPENING OF THE

ALL SAIL SET IN THE YACHTING WORLD

THE SEASON IN FULL SWING

Sport and General

PUNTERS WATCH THE YACHTS AT THE TAMESIS CLUB MEETING

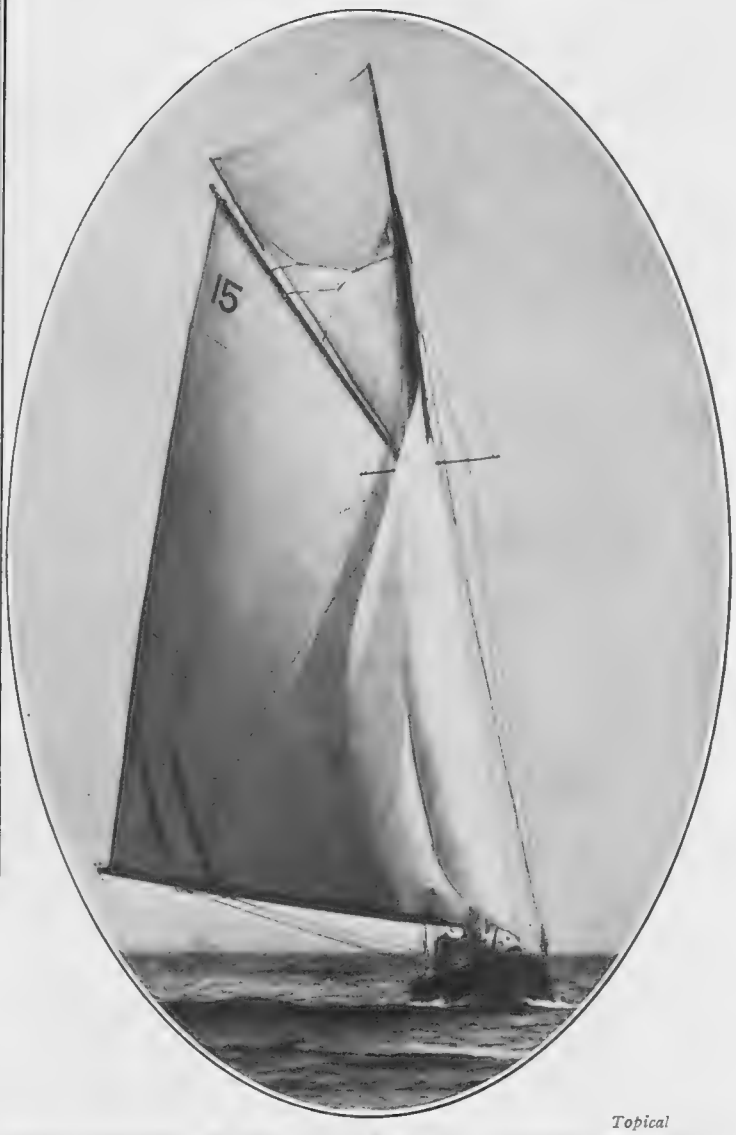
Sport and General

A CLOSE FINISH IN THE TAMESIS MEETING AT TEDDINGTON

Topical

ROYAL CLYDE YACHT CLUB'S SEASON

The yachting clubs have now settled down to their season with the prospect of full programmes ahead. The Royal Clyde Club opened their season with cruising matches from Hunter's Quay to Rothesay. The West Mersea Club also opened their season with a very successful meeting. The Tamesis Club held an interesting meeting over the usual course at Teddington, although a river steamer proved rather an obstacle

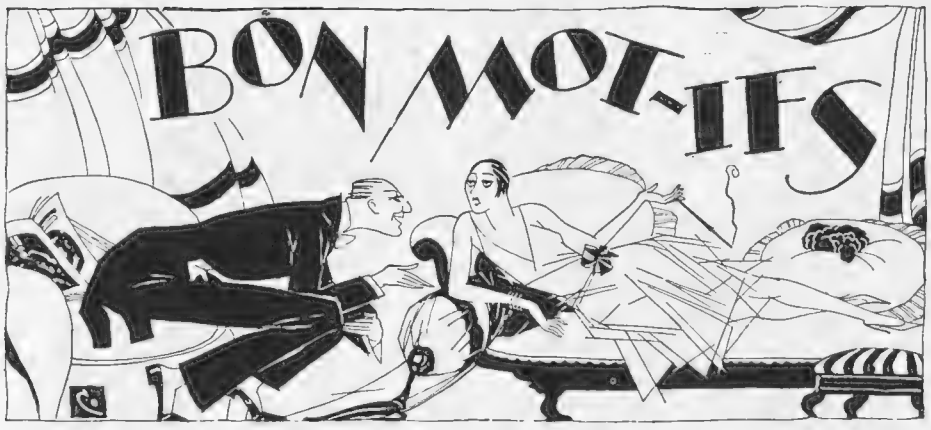


Topical

SPOSA RUNNING BEFORE THE WIND IN THE WEST MERSEA YACHT CLUB'S OPENING RACE

Sport and General

THE B CLASS RACE IN PROGRESS DURING THE TAMESIS CLUB'S MEETING AT TEDDINGTON



By HARTLEY CARRICK

A COMEDIAN is singing a topical song entitled "Apples." We shudder to think how many on core verses he will have to compose.

. . . . . .

WHO wrote:—

"I gave her a sable coat."
"To keep her warm?"
"No, to keep her quiet!"

. . . . . .

TO-DAY'S reflection: What a pity we can't keep all our motoring road hogs in cold storage.

. . . . . .

A PRISONER, recently sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, exclaimed: "My lord, I shall never live to serve it!" "Never mind," remarked the sympathetic judge, "you must do the best that you can."

. . . . . .

AMERICANS are said to be divided as to the habit of chewing gum. It might almost be said that some chew it and others eschew it.

. . . . . .

AN ex-policeman has matriculated at Cambridge. After the usual course it is probable that he will take the "third degree."

. . . . . .

FROM a provincial paper: "Mr. —— then sang the immortal song 'When Other Laps.'" Was "Laps" a printer's lapse for Lips"?

. . . . . .

A WELL-KNOWN fisherman captured one of two burglars who raided his Thames-side bungalow. We should like to know his description of the size of the one who got away.

. . . . . .

I CAN'T get at the bottom of this gamble in silk shares."

"My boy, you ought to have Courtauld of the idea before."

HERE is a howler we have retrieved from Jones *secundus*. "Rome was destroyed by an overflow of saliva from the Vatican. The Vatican, or Vacuum, is a large empty space in which the Pope lives."

. . . . . .

STAGE SILHOUETTES

(MR. LESLIE STILES)

He did not always live in clover,
He knew how rarely Fortune smiles,
Yet always strove to help once over
A lame dog over stiles!

. . . . . .

MISS FAY COMPTON is said to be our most finished actress. In other words, Fay is a *fait accompli-e*.

. . . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know the origin of the phrase "Treat 'em rough." Any modern laundry will supply the information.

A PLAY written by a moneylender may shortly be produced in London. It is said that the author maintains the interest right up to the end.

. . . . . .

AFTER an East End wedding the bridegroom indulged in a bout of fisticuffs with his pal. It is said that the bride murmured: "May the 'best' man win!"

. . . . . .

ANSWER to correspondent: My dear Prodigal, yours is merely a case of fatted calf love.

. . . . . .

PRESENTS, we are told, are still given at Whitsun. A married man we know complains bitterly of the family "ties" he has received.

. . . . . .

WE learn that oysters are upset by the wireless apparatus. Something seems to have gone wrong with the bi-valves.

. . . . . .

LAST week we hear that a buoy broke loose from its moorings. We wonder how many girls did the same!

. . . . . .

THERE is a certain Chelsea artist who decorates his overcoat with his own compositions. Evidently he believes in wearing his art on his sleeve.

. . . . . .

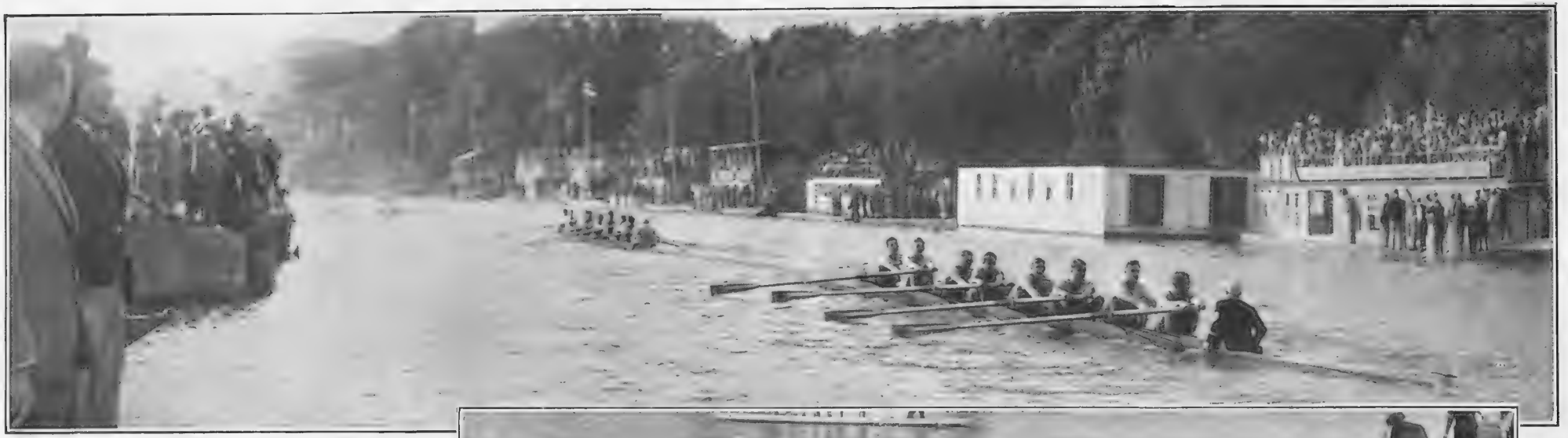
THE oldest pen in the world has been discovered. Users, however, of suburban post-offices hotly debate this.

A LITTLE BIT OFF! BY LUNT ROBERTS

CLERK: "I wonder if I might have a little time off, sir, in order to open a banking account. I've just won £150,000 in a Derby Sweep"

"DERBY—AND JOAN!"

BY STAN TERRY



MAGDALEN AND NEW COLLEGE FIGHTING IT OUT

Glorious weather marked the Oxford Summer Eights this year, and there was some eventful racing before large crowds of spectators. Brasenose I, in bumping Christ Church on the first day, went Head of the River for the first time since 1891

Photographs *Central News*

BRASENOSE I RETURNING AFTER THEIR GREAT VICTORY

WHEN WE'RE 150—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"Taximen forgathering with butlers and footmen"

LONDON, *June* 4.

DEAR COUSIN,

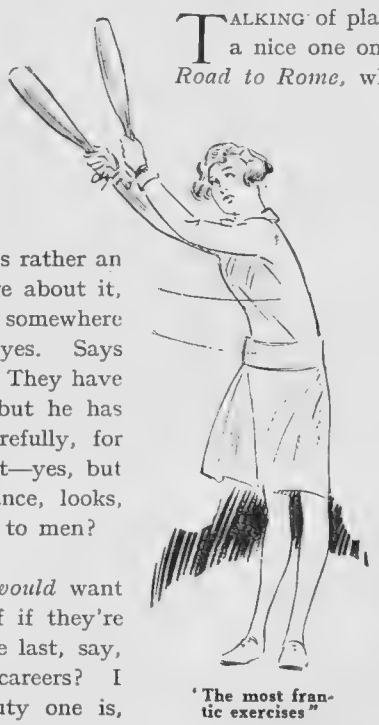
SHALL we live to a hundred and fifty, and I wonder whether it would be worth while? The well-known Prof. Voronoff says he can fix it for us all right, you know, with his monkey glands and things—just been over here, he has, and told us all about it, oh! quite, quite seriously, at a party one of the big London surgeons gave the other night. You see ('cording to him) it isn't the heart that runs the whole show on its own, as we used to think. There's a little tiny gland that's really at the bottom of it all and makes said organ beat, and so on—also similar ditto somewhere in the throat whereby, through or from, our brains go functioning along or otherwise, as the case may be. And if you only know the secret, another little gland wouldn't do us any harm, or words to that effect.

卐

ABSOLUTELY certain sure *he* knows it, anyway, the Prof. is, and if you only put yourself in his hands, dear Cousin, 's far as I can gather, is more or less prepared to guarantee that you'll be able to hunt and play golf and lawn tennis up to the age of a mere hundred or so at least. Which, of course, sounds very nice in a way, doesn't it? I mean, this is really rather a good world, and seems rather an idea to have a bit more thereof while we're about it, what? But just a little catch about it somewhere there must be, I'm rather afraid—and yes. Says women aren't so easy to deal with as men. They have a more complicated physique, says he, but he has hopes. He's been studying it, oh! so carefully, for the last four years, and thinks he can do it—yes, but what about little oddments like, for instance, looks, which, of course, don't matter in the least to men?

卐

THIS beauty problem—after all, who *would* want to go and be a centenarian-and-a-half if they're going to look like nothing on earth for the last, say, seventy years or so of their existences or careers? I ask you. Awful prob. the aforesaid beauty one is, apparently to some, though not yet too terribly seriously affecting, *grace à Dieu* (and cross your fingers), you and me. Made a whole play out of it, for instance, they have, at the celebrated Criterion Theatre or Cri. Where all sorts of details about women who feel themselves just on the verge, so to speak, of discovering a grey hair or two around, and some slightly tiresome little lines about the eyes and mouth are somewhat intimately set forth. Beauty specialists, *e.g.*, brought in to give what they call treatment to two quite attractivish but fortyish heroines or whatever you call them . . .



'The most frantic exercises"

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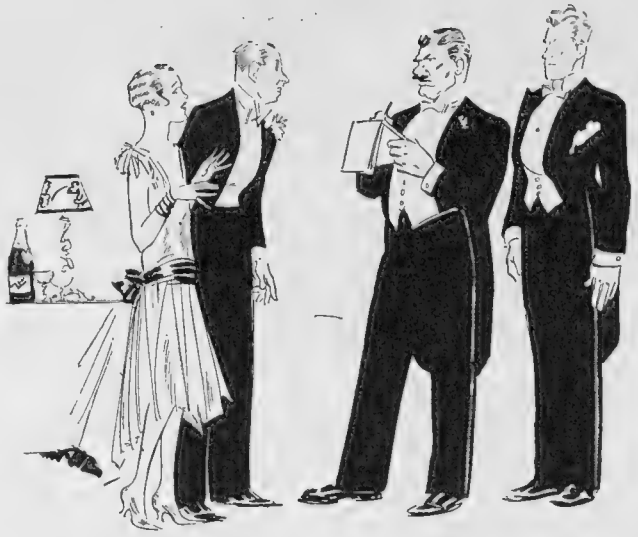
HEROINES, I certainly think, by the way they sit down meekly on chairs or lie on settees and things while they're being more or less suffocated with hot towels and many and manifold prescriptions and preparations. Also doing the most frantic and frenetic (good word) exercises before breakfast, and lying on their backs and kicking their legs about and massaging 'emselves with rolling pins.

"Play golf up to the age of 100 or so"

卐

TALKING of plays, by the way, there's really rather a nice one on at the Strand just now called *The Road to Rome*, wherein, mark you, mere male ambition, strategy, pompousness, and whatnot, is utterly defeated by the guile of women, or rather, one woman—though when I tell you that woman's Isabel Jeans you'll not, methinks, be too greatly surprised. In good sooth and truth, you know, I really do think she's easily the most fascinating actress on our stage to-day, with her funnily irregular beauty—what a nose!—and her slim figure, and oh! absolutely heaps and heaps of S.A. (See Film Dictionary for interpretation if not known.) And she's the wife of Rome's heroic but dull dictator Fabius; and fascinating Hannibal, otherwise tall and dark-eyed Mr. Philip Merivale, is just about to conquer said ancient city when Isabel slips out

to his camp in the most alluring of togas, or whatever they call it, and . . . Oh, well, don't know whether it was her arguments about "the human equation" or what, but, anyway, next morning (more dots) the siege of Rome was off, and Isabel, otherwise Amytis (who, of course, never existed in history) went back regretfully to keep Fabius's home fires burning—till the next eligible and potential co-respondent came along. One of those American plays, of course, and can *almost* see it on the films, can't you?



"Scotland Yard raiding night clubs"

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THESE be stirring times, are not they? though, quite apart from theatres and suchlike mere meretricious entertainments, as the saying goes. Derby Week this is, for one thing, and by the time you get this I expect you'll know all about the winner and how much you've won—or lost. And whether it'll run to that nice little holiday at Dinard, or mean bread and water or herrings and poached eggs for a month or so. Not that anyone minds or cares now it's June—June, that glorious month of roses, when breathes there a man (or woman) with soul so dead, that never to himself (or herself) hath said, this is my own, my really extra special moment, month or occasion for having just an L of a good time, and I don't care who knows it!

卐

By Hynes

GATHERING ROUND "HUTCH"

Among the entertainers at London's Night Lights "Hutch" stands in a class by himself. For some time his songs at the piano and genial personality have been a great attraction at Uncle's Club and the Lido Club

JUNE—the jolliest month and cream of the year, methinks. Lovely in the country, and lovely in Town too, what's more. Trooping of the Colour to-day, aforesaid Derby and Oaks in the air, two more Courts next week. June brides, masses of them, and June strawberries, also the mode or vogue. M.P.s back again at their jobs, or will be to-morrow, and even Oxford, where they have the duels, beginning to think of the end of things—though Cambridge is still in the very midst or middle of May Week, and cold salmon and chicken and claret cups being busily consumed by undergrads, and "people" up for the occasion. And who'd ever grudge them their simple pleasures, the sweet young things?

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AND here in London now even the most unlikely people seem to have got the June or Season spirit. Taximen, am told, may be seen nightly forgathering with butlers and footmen of the best families in little select and quiet hostelries, finding out where the biggest parties are going to be, with a view to business. And Scotland Yard, full of that June feeling, are raiding night clubs nightly. So far I've been lucky, but you never know. You never know, do you, in June?

With love, your ever,

BLANCHETTE.

If you would avoid the annoyances and delays caused by carburettor troubles, it really *does* matter which petrol pump you patronise. The name BOWSER ESTABLISHED 1885 is your guarantee for full measure of petrol from which every drop of water and every atom of foreign matter has been scientifically filtered

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The photograph above is of Miss Mercia Swinburne wearing her wondrous Ciro Pearls

Central Press

THE "CALCUTTA" OVER THE NEEDLES, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR

"'Plane Tales" from the Air

A flight of considerable interest was the recent tour of the Channel by Sir Samuel and Lady Hoare to demonstrate the utility of the seaplane and the comfort of this mode of travel. The tour was made in the flying boat "Calcutta," of the type which is to be placed in service on the Empire routes, and visits were paid to the Channel Islands, Plymouth, and the Scilly Isles

CAPTAIN NEVILLE STACK, WHO CARRIED OFF THE MORRIS CUP

FT.-LT. C. F. LE POER-TRENCH, WHO WON THE WAKEFIELD CHALLENGE CUP

Photographs Barratt

MR. T. B. BRUCE, WINNER OF THE PRESIDENT'S CUP

Three successful competitors at the Hampshire Air Pageant. This event was held in very fine weather at Hamble

Central Press

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS BINGHAM, GOVERNOR OF JERSEY, AND LADY BINGHAM "SEEING OFF" SIR SAMUEL HOARE

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

THE work of Mr. Thomas Beer will not appeal to everybody, but there are points about it which compel one's admiration. Mr. Beer belongs to that modern American school of novelists who paint life as they see it, harshly, recklessly if necessary, and without much reference either to any particular story or to the older moral conventions, yet at times very beautifully indeed.

His latest book, *The Road to Heaven* (Knopf: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) requires careful reading if it is to be appreciated at anything like its real value. Thus read it conveys a curiously clear-cut picture of a little group of "ordinary" folk in New York attempting to get something out of life, and succeeding—to a point. So there is Lamon Coe, playing at "having a good time" before settling down as the farmer he was always intended to be. So there is the pretty lady who has her good time and pays for it. So, too, there is Abner Coe—a fascinating portrait which leaves you wondering how far you have understood its real meaning. A book, therefore, for those who do not mind thinking awhile after the last page has been read. A "difficult" book, but one with much to recommend it to those who would know something of the latest development in American fiction.

E. O. Hoppé

MR. THOMAS BEER

Who is attracting considerable attention as a member of the modern American school of novelists. His novel, "The Road to Heaven" is reviewed on this page

❋

TWO new books about the Riviera. Captain Leslie Richardson looks at it from the sea in his *The Riviera Coast* (Bles: 16*s.* net). This does not mean to say that he never ventures ashore from his motor boat, but for the most part he is showing it from without. You may remember his previous books: it does not seem to matter very much where he may happen to be; pleasantly unexpected adventures come his way, and he allows you to participate in them in the jolliest manner. As usual, too, his photographs are excellent. Then there is Mr. Grant Richards. What he does not know about hotels and food and "the rooms" and the queer people you see there can hardly be worth knowing. He is an engaging guide in his *Coast of Pleasure* (Cape: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), which is as full of good stories and quaint vignettes as it is of excellent advice.

❋

MR. JOHN FERGUSON'S new thriller is called *The Man in the Dark* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is a most interesting story, which, incidentally, shows a few new experiments in technique. You do not suspect every character you meet of the mysterious murder in Ealing, but you are very keen to know what is going to happen to the blind man who was in the room at the time. You are also delighted with the way in which the amateur sleuth does his job—the business of the walking-stick being in the best Sherlockian tradition. Also, as you expect from the writer, the people are real, and there is subtlety in their portraits. Nowadays when murders are nightly committed in the theatres, and detective stories fill the bookstalls, it is necessary to pick and choose, but Mr. Ferguson may be safely recommended.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

FORFEITED YET WON

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

IT is not often that the gods are kind at Bridge. "The cards never forgive" they say. One slip and the rubber that was in your grasp eludes you. But there are exceptions to this rule, and the following example from play shows how even bad bidding may be rescued by bad play on the part of the opponents.

	S.—Q, 10, 8, 2. H.—A, Q, 7, 5. D.—5, 4, 3. C.—A, K.	
S.—K, 7, 5. H.—J, 4. D.—9, 6, 2. C.—Q, 10, 9, 7, 5.	Y A B Z	S.—J, 9, 6, 4. H.—K, 10, 9, 3. D.—8, 7. C.—J, 6, 2.
	S.—A, 3. H.—8, 6, 2. D.—A, K, Q, J, 10. C.—8, 4, 3.	

Score: Game all. Y dealt and bid "One No Trump"; B, "No Bid"; Z, "Two Diamonds." All pass.

This was the most wicked bid imaginable on the part of Z. With six certain tricks in his hand he chose to take out a No Trumper into a minor suit. No doubt the honour score influenced him. But, of course, it should not have done so. He should have called "Two No Trumps" at once on his powerful hand.

. . . . . .

Z having made his atrocious call, Y could only imagine that Z held a long Diamond suit and was useless in No Trumps so he could not continue the bidding.

Z deserved to be punished and would have been punished by missing the game and rubber but for the bad play of the opponents.

The opening lead by A was the 7 of Clubs, which Dummy won.

Z took one Diamond trick and led a small Spade, A's King winning. Another Club lead cleared the suit, and Z followed this with his four remaining Diamonds.

It was on the last of these Diamonds that B had to make his critical discard. His cards and Dummy's were:—

S.—Q, 10, 8.
H.—A, Q, 7.
D.—None.
C.—None.

Y (Dummy) A B Z	S.—J, 9, 6. H.—K, 10. D.—None. C.—J.

Dummy discarded the 7 of Hearts, and B chose the 6 of Spades—his correct discard being the Jack of Clubs, although it was the last card of his partner's suit.

The important thing was to make two more tricks, which, added to A's King of Spades, would save the game. The King of Hearts looked like one of those tricks, and B's best chance of the further trick was with the Jack of Spades, which he should have kept adequately guarded.

But "adequately guarded" meant *two* guards, as the Ace and Queen had yet to be played.

If B had thrown the Jack of Clubs, the Jack of Spades would have been a winner. Suppose Z finessed the Hearts, B would win with the King and return a *Heart*, forcing Dummy to lead Spades and give away a trick. Or, if Z played the Ace of Hearts, without finessing, he would almost certainly lead the Queen of Spades (as was done in actual play), and again B must make the Jack of Spades.

But as B had left only one guard to that Jack, it fell on Dummy's Queen, and the 10 of Spades gave Z the game.

"The Old Firm! . . . WHO GAVE THE WINNER LAST YEAR? — I DID — WHO GAVE THE . . . They're off . . . here they come . . . round the bend . . . quick, the glasses . . . Red sleeves and white . . . Hurr-aaaay! Twenty-five to one . . . wish I'd had a fiver on it . . . What was second? . . . Two Worthingtons, please!"

FAMOUS SISTERS *Claude Harris*

Renée and Billie Houston, who have made a very sure place for themselves in the affection of music-hall audiences with their singing and "back-chat" turn, are in the London area again. This week they are at the Alhambra

Femina

CHIEFLY SARTORIAL

By "CANDIDA"

"MEN rock with laughter at the fuss that women make over their hats and frocks" so says a nice novelist person in his latest. Now if he had said some men laugh at some women, or some men laugh at most women, or most men laugh at some women, or even most men laugh at most women, he might have hit the mark. Perhaps novelists and other less gifted people don't always care about hitting the mark in these ultra-personal days. I know I don't myself. It leads to endless complications.

THAT women do fuss over their frocks and hats I'd be the last to deny. You have to be very much *sans peur et sans reproche* (and, incidentally, *sans chic*), not to care about those precious appearances and other people's opinions. It's not the fashion to be eccentric; it's not the thing to be individual, whatever that may mean. You've got to be one of the crowd—the right crowd; you must look like everybody else—only nicer. Of course the be-yourself people don't like it at all. They're always preaching individuality, as if it were as easy to be individual as it is to be the other thing. Not only is one born individual, but one has to take pains to remain so in spite of constant suggestions from the crowd (and oneself in lazier moments) to go and be like them and live happily ever after.

NOT to be fussy over one's frocks and hats in June is to be less than human, especially when the sky is blue and the sun does its best to atone for the coldest, bleakest May that ever was. Who wouldn't be fussy with Ascot ahead, when the loveliest gossamery things are just begging to be worn? I know that no one takes this Ascot business as seriously as one did. Yes; of course one still dresses the part, but it's a dressing done without tears. "Creations" aren't any easier to come by than they were, but they're no longer as essential. Lots of pleasant people, who're poorish and lazyish and incidentally stock-size, buy their inspirations off a peg; which isn't saying that there's no difference between a Paris original by somebody important at about a hundred guineas, and its far-off echo, costing eight or thereabouts. There is, but is it worth paying for when only about one in a hundred is any the wiser and that precious "difference," whatever it may be, is lost in the crowd?

AT Ascot wraps are quite as important as frocks; whether you wear them or not they must be included in the scheme. But the peg, alas! is less prodigal of wraps than of frocks. It has few ideas on the subject, and of these fewer still are worth having. "All the latest coats are capes, Madam," I was told this morning *à propos* of Ascot wraps—this without the flicker of a smile. A sense of humour, apparently, isn't included in the courses where they teach you salesmanship as if the art of selling were not a heaven-born gift which you either have, or have not. I agreed. One doesn't argue with a *vendeuse* who looks as if she ought to be something very important in Russia if everybody had their rights. Besides, didn't everything point to the cape as our trump-card for the Season?

I LIKE the new capeiness, though it's not as easy as it looks, and there are moments when it refuses to stick on. At night, at the Opera, for instance, where one's comings and goings are always in the limelight, nothing could be more attractive than a cape in metal *lamé*, lined with what looks like a Niagara of dewdrops in the sun, or a vast sheet of moonbeams on a lake; a cape "held together carelessly," as they say in the fashion papers, "with a beautiful hand," etc., etc.

BUT the crowd, especially the sort that verges on the Junoesque, adores the cape because it imagines that inconvenient curves can be concealed under its folds. It was never more mistaken. A slim woman in a cape may look mysterious and adorable where a fat one will remind you of nothing but a barrel. Far from concealing bulk it emphasises it.

WELL, well, if you can't be perfect, be as perfect as you can. Everybody does it, and on next to nothing, too! The young things are a dream in their flowered chiffons and picture hats, with their long hair and an outlook on life which is as serious as their elders' is flippant. But it's those elders that I admire. Except for the hair and the earnestness they might be almost five-and-twenty. Gone are the days when one looked young because of one's years, and in spite of one's frock. To-day one is young because of one's frock and in spite of one's years. CANDIDA.

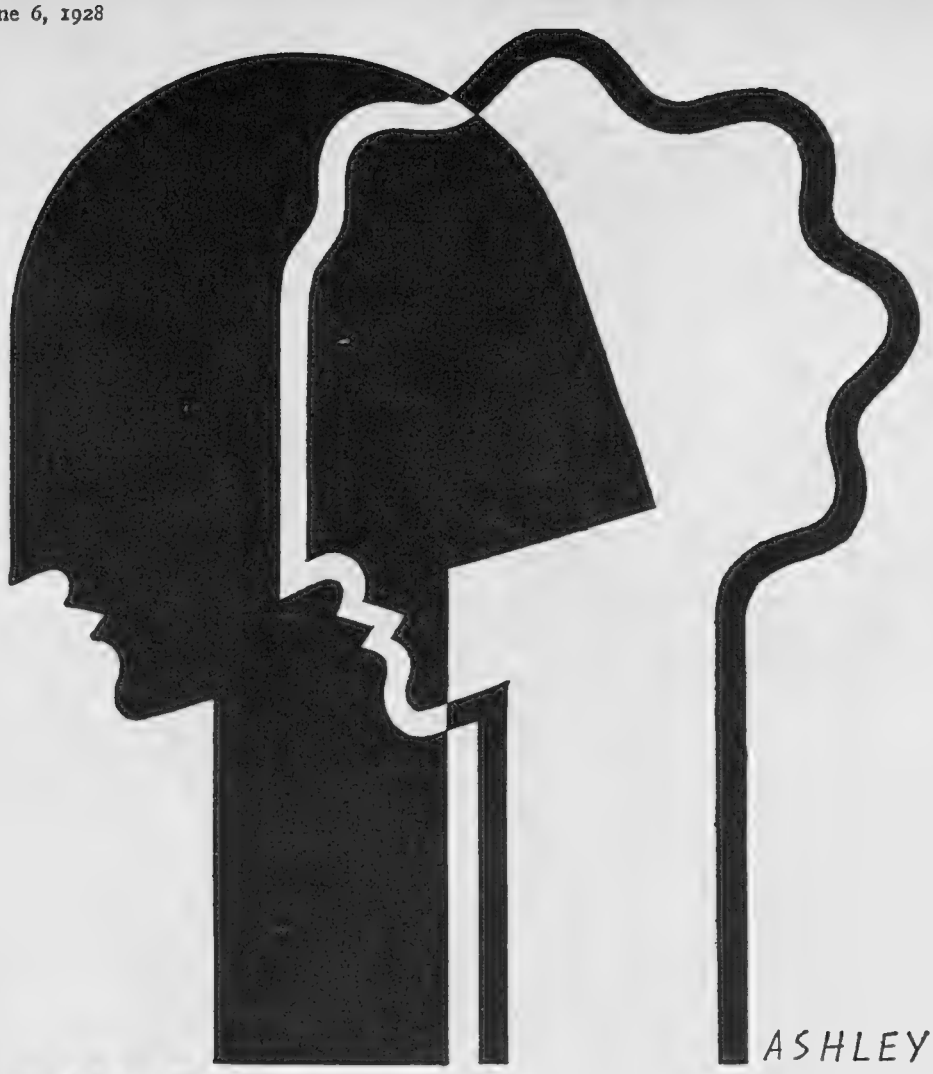
Guttenberg

MISS MARJORIE EYRE

Who is one of the newer principals in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, and who makes a very charming Yum-Yum in "The Mikado." The company are playing Gilbert and Sullivan Operas at the Wimbledon Theatre this week

Music from Ether Waves

An interesting feature of the programme at the Coliseum this week is the demonstration of a new scientific device for producing music from electrical vibrations without musical instruments. The inventor, M. Maurice Martenot, a French professor of music, introduces his apparatus and performs a programme of music with its aid. M. Martenot has already demonstrated his invention with considerable success in two concerts at the Grand Opera, Paris.



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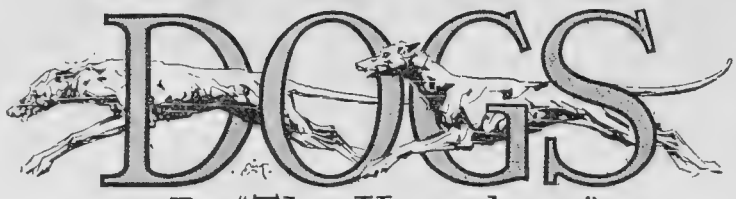

By "The Kennelman"

By simply being himself the modern Bulldog confers rich benefits upon mankind. By the mere act of resting his "turn-up" on one of your slippers he bestows the major joys of friendship. The suggestion of a reputation for active usefulness might well annoy him. In the case, therefore, of the Bulldog who the other day saved Warwick Castle from an outbreak of fire by giving timely warning of logs having become ignited in the fuel store, the breed would probably wish it to be understood that the motive of this unwonted activity was not so much prevention of a conflagration as a prudent wish to preserve plenty of logs for the fires of autumn—to be started not later than the first Sunday after partridge shooting begins, please, for toasting purposes.

When, as recently, a veterinary surgeon of the standing of Professor Frederick Hobday sees fit to pay a public tribute to the fitness and skill of women in the nursing and doctoring of animals, you may take it there's ground for tribute. And yet "The Kennelman" knows of but one fully qualified and practising woman veterinary surgeon, and it is not many months since, at Liverpool University, Miss E. G. Knight was hailed as the first woman in England to receive the degree of Bachelor of Veterinary Science. Professor Hobday gave it as his opinion that the first fifty women to specialise in one of the veterinary sciences would achieve fame and fortune.

Notably in the care of Dogs, and to a lesser extent where cats, birds, rabbits, poultry, etc., are concerned, the demand for skilled veterinary service is twenty times greater to-day than it was even a few years back; and so, by the same token, is the number of women on the look-out for professional work. Why, then, are women vets. so rare? Well, the chief reason is that at least one new kind of veterinary degree is needed; a degree of canine medicine and surgery. There are openings in every big centre for women canine specialists; and even where existing men veterinary surgeons are concerned, it would be a boon all Dog-owners would appreciate if genuine canine specialists could be marked out by the institution of a degree of canine surgery.

The simple fact is that qualification for the existing veterinary degree does not appeal to many women because it involves a deal of heavy work with cattle and horses for which they are not very well suited; in which but few are interested. But there are other fields of veterinary work for which they are admirably suited, in which many have shown great skill, toward which many feel strongly attracted. It is up to the Royal College to institute degrees for these special fields. Only the other day the Secretary of the Royal College was athwart the hawse of a leading daily paper for incorrect use of the words "skilled veterinary surgeons," as applied to workers in the People's Dispensaries for the Sick Animals of the Poor.

He was technically right, of course, for only those holding degrees should be so described. But his good angel and good taste both forsook him when he added that the P.D.S.A. "employs unqualified persons to give treatment to sick animals," because, though technically true, that statement is really unfair and misleading. The P.D.S.A. workers are highly skilled; the devoted services they give freely to all who need them are simply invaluable, and a great practical boon. In every other than the strictly technical, R.C.V.S. sense, they are very emphatically "qualified." What's wanted is at least one new veterinary degree—the sooner it is forthcoming the better; and Dog-lovers, men and women alike, should agitate for it.

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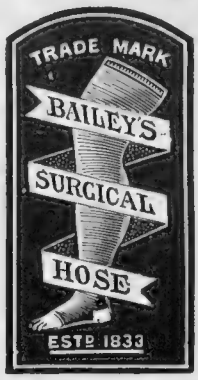

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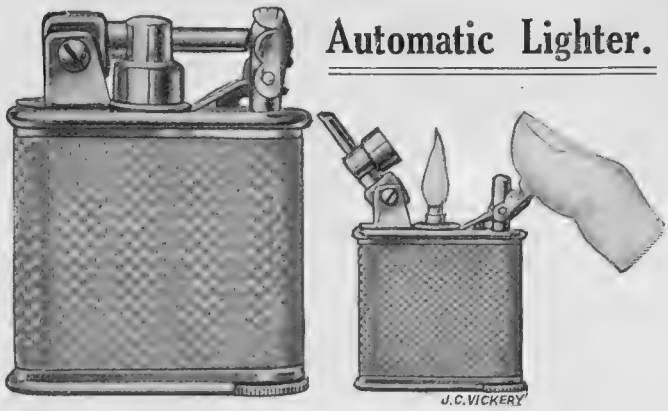

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A SPLENDID COMPLETE SET, QUEEN ANNE DESIGN, in rich figured Walnut, including buffet sideboard, extending dining table, set of 6 small and 2 carving chairs, being offered at the extremely low figure of 55 guineas for the lot.
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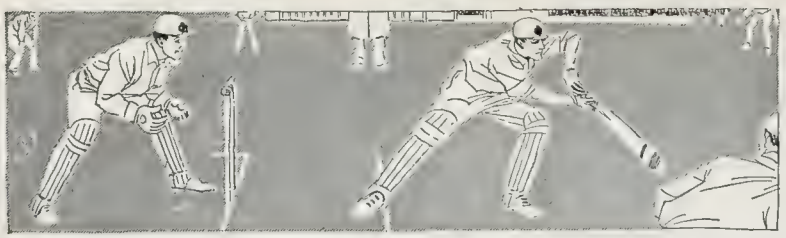

CRICKET

A TEAM AGAINST VENUS

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

It has often disappointed me that the other half of creation takes so fitful an interest, generally speaking, in our great national game. With the onward march of democracy women now sit as legislators, and from their tenderest years take such an interest in politics that at twenty-one they are all to have the vote. They act as Justices of the Peace, they are barristers, doctors, even marine engineers. They compete against men in the hunting field, and on the race track. They drive and sell motor cars. They have their golf championships, and their tennis tournaments. They climb mountains, and come down them on skis. They fly aeroplanes, and biff each other at hockey. In fact, there is no domain of human endeavour and sport in which women are not now most considerably to the fore.

Yet it is an undoubted fact that when I casually mention to my lady friends, as I look out of the window at the weeping skies, or the snow falling heavily, that next week the cricket season is beginning again, they cast up their eyes and clasp their hands and say with a groan, "What! are we going through it all again?" Once in a while I prevail on some alluring member of the opposite sex to come to a cricket match in which I am playing. Luck is generally against me on these occasions, and I lose the toss and have to field the entire day. What is the result? The lady sits all day in the pavilion a patient martyr, and greets me when I return for meals with an air of reproach as if it was all my fault. The bowling and fielding of my side have no attraction for her. The batting feats of the other cast no spell upon her mind. She sits determined to be bored, and, although she may come once, she never comes again.

Now I am quite convinced that all this is not as it should be. Cricket, I repeat, is our great national game, and if women wish to play the great part in our national life to which they are entitled they must learn, one and all, from the humblest to the greatest, to take the same interest in it that men do. They must not come to cricket matches simply as a social function, to chatter and eat strawberries and cream. They must not regard them as a means for an agreeable *tête-à-tête*. Why should cricket be the one thing that women do not take seriously? Undoubtedly they must be trained to acquire a taste for all the arts and artifices of the game; to realise its importance in our national life; to watch it and to talk about it with intelligence, nay, even enthusiastic appreciation.

Let no one think that such a wholesale conversion of the habits and inclinations of the female sex is an impossible task. Only consider how much, according to those most versed in the subject, women have already changed in the last few decades. A start has certainly been made by making them play the game when in *statu pupillari*. But whatever keenness they may once have had, while in that happy and innocent state, it seems to me not to have been sufficiently dominant to outlast long their departure from school. Now I have had an idea how the initial steps in their education might be made. There used to be a certain parlour game that was played with great enthusiasm on wet days in the pavilion, and old gentlemen in clubs were very prone to it. Columns in the Press, when paper and printing were cheaper, were wont to be devoted to it. It was a great favourite with all schoolboys.

It started, as far as I remember, W. G. Grace, Spofforth, Trumper—and then the fun began. I refer, as my readers will doubtless already have guessed, to the game of choosing a world team to play against Mars. Now I think we might try to stimulate the interest of the ladies in cricket on similar though not exactly identical lines. I should, in fact, ask them to choose a team, not against Mars, but against Venus, to which planet it must be obvious that only the handsomest cricketers of all time could be invited to tour.

This harmless diversion might, I think, prove popular with the fair and emotional sex, arouse their interest in the individuals connected with our glorious pastime, and little by little not only make them acquainted with its history, but stir their enthusiasm with regard to the game as played to-day.

What confirms me in my opinion is that a friend of mine to whom I mentioned this idea greeted it with enthusiasm, and has already sent in her entry, but perhaps it is just as well I have mislaid it.

Cases of shop-lifting have been prevalent in the West End. It has been a poor defence by absent-minded ladies that the offences were committed in moments of abstraction.

WALES AT LORD'S *Sport and General*

The Welsh team which met the M.C.C. at Lord's last week. The photograph shows, standing: Davies (left), Bell, Ryan, Hills, Bates and Sullivan and, sitting, S. T. Jagger (left), the Hon. C. N. Bruce, C. A. Rowland (Capt.), T. Arnott and Mercer

WOLSELEY

Stamina . . . .

Stamina tells in the car as in the athlete. But in the showroom, where all cars look their best, stamina cannot readily be gauged, because the controlling elements—excellence in design, quality of material, and precision in manufacture—lie hidden. The world-wide renown of Wolseley cars, however, affords ample assurance of a long life of service, whether one chooses the Straight Eight, the "Silent Six" or the popular new 12-32 Four-cyl.

Catalogue sent and trial runs arranged with pleasure.

WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., ADDERLEY PARK, BIRMINGHAM.

WILLS'S 'GOLD FLAKE'

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CIGARETTE

Special Packings: Cardboard boxes of 50, 2/5; 100, 4/8. Enamelled Tins of 50. 2/6; 100, 4/10.

FLYING NOTES

THE PRINCE OF WALES has set the fashion in so many ways for the present generation, that it will be surprising if his lead is not followed by many others who realise the value of time saved by air travel, but had not thought of having an aeroplane on the premises. The Prince's machine is an R.A.F. Bristol Fighter, fitted with the Handley-Page "Slot," and differs only in this way from the standard Service type, which is used by the King and Queen of the Belgians.

Colonel G. L. P. Henderson's recent visit to South Africa with a "flying circus" is a solitary instance of something which might be done more frequently over here, combining demonstrations, joy-riding, and instruction. His school at Brooklands has turned out a large number of successful pilots lately, principally on Renault Avros. Mr. A. S. Butler, Chairman of the De Havilland Aircraft Company, who has been a private owner and raced his own machines for some years, recently carried out the night flying test at Croydon Aerodrome for a "B" licence. Miss Spooner and Mr. Malcolm, also of De Havilland's, did their night landing tests at Croydon, which is the only aerodrome in the country completely equipped for this purpose. The aerodrome is distinguished at night by a red flashing lighthouse, and on approaching nearer a pilot sees the useful landing area marked out by a hedge of small red lights, with the surface illuminated by a special floodlight with a fan-shaped beam.

It is difficult to decide which will be the machine for a "tennis court" landing, the "Moth" with a slot or an "Auto-Gyro." Señor Don Juan de la Cierva, the young Spanish inventor of the latter, caused an obstruction at the Hamble Air Pageant by dropping to grass like a locust, with no damage to himself and Mr. Art. Fowler, however. Flight-Lt. Soden was lucky to finish second in a race after being tripped up in the air by telegraph wires.

TAKING OFF

A Short-Rolls-Royce all-metal flying boat taking off. This machine, which is identical with the one in which Sir Alan and Lady Cobham covered 20,000 miles through and round Africa, weighs 9 tons and has a top speed of 120 m.p.h.

These obstructions to safe flying ought to be flagged or marked with coloured discs everywhere on the boundaries of aerodromes. The aerial clothes-line with socks and stockings out to dry, suspended between two "Avians" which went for a quiet flight round the aerodrome, caused considerable amusement at Hamble. Mr. F. P. Raynham, who was the pilot of one of the machines, has been flying since before the War, and owns an "Avian" fitted with an automatic electric "Eagle" camera. The Aircraft Operating Company used a camera of this type to take those amazing pictures of the Victoria Falls which appeared in one of our contemporaries recently.

All British Societies interested in aviation are combining forces to honour Mr. A. F. Roe on June 8 in recognition of his pioneer work on machines of his own design and construction. The old 504K, known universally as the "wily Avro," has trained more pilots than any other machine, and has been superseded only recently by light 'planes for instructional purposes.

VISITING DAY AT HAMBLE *Barratt*

A photograph taken during the recent Hampshire Air Pageant. The group shows members of the Suffolk Aero Club who paid a flying visit to Hamble

Light 'plane clubs at our principal seaports should benefit considerably by the visit of Sir Alan and Lady Cobham on the Short-Rolls-Royce flying boat, which has taken them 20,000 miles round Africa, as everyone will be talking aviation, and local schemes will profit by the recognition of such a national achievement as this flight. Having visited five European countries recently, and noted the enterprise of the City Fathers at such places as Amsterdam, Antwerp, Geneva, Marseilles and Milan, where aviation is subsidised out of the rates, it is a matter of amazement to me that we are so short-sighted over here. In addition to mails and goods, aeroplanes bring passengers who make and spend money in these Continental cities, the net result being a larger turnover for local trade with consequent benefit to the community.

The Automobile Association is to take a hand in classifying facilities for air travel. With its immense organisation already in existence, it can give to owner-pilots information about landing grounds which are unknown officially, because no one has wanted to license them. There are plenty of country inns with aerodromes at their door which would make a good pull-up for airmen, and need only a petrol pump with a few screw pickets and tarpaulins in a shed to cater for all comers. At a house party given by Major and Mrs. Fitzgerald, of Marden Manor, Cirencester, nine guests arrived by "Moth" and one on a Westland "Widgeon," all the machines being parked in a field for the night. The utility of the modern light aeroplane is such that it will be used eventually for all journeys of more than a hundred miles, although Captain de Havilland says that he uses his for any distance of more than ten.

After only seven hours solo at Stag Lane, Lt.-Com. Macdonald flew out to Baghdad on a light 'plane, and it was on his return flight along the coast of North Africa that he met an immovable boulder which wrecked the machine. North Africa has been the scene of a number of crashes recently, caused mainly by the rarity of the hot atmosphere, which makes a "take-off" difficult, but there have been no casualties to personnel.

The "Aerial A B C" has appeared, to be bought on all bookstalls and found in travel bureaux and hotels all over the world. It will be most useful for the practical and up-to-date traveller, and, as Sir Sefton Brancker says in a foreword, ". . . it should provide a means of useful education to the public."

C. E. WARD.

By HYNES

BIRD MEN—No. 7: MR. A. V. ROE

One of the pioneers of aviation, he made the first flight in England twenty years ago this week, and has been flying and constructing aeroplanes ever since. The two-seater 80 h.p. Avro, or 504 type, was produced in vast numbers during the War and did excellent service. Mr. Roe built the first seaplane to fly from water in England, and also built the first enclosed aeroplanes—both monoplane and biplane—to fly

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IMPERIAL AIRWAYS

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C.F.H

Warwick Wright Says

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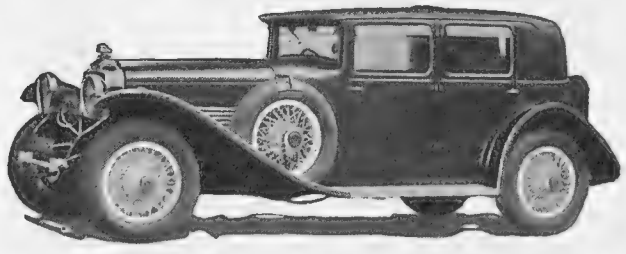
THE SPLENDID
STUTZ



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FLANNEL SUITS
Tailored from the finest West of England Cloths
Single Breasted
5 Gns.
Double Breasted
5½ Gns.

The man who knows the ease and cool comfort a flannel suit can give, and is looking this year for the newest ideas in this sort of thing, should see the new display of Austin Reed's flannel suits. This year there are not only plain greys, but a wide selection of striped greys and some singularly attractive blues. The "New Tailoring" offers, of course, such facilities for testing the fit, style and general effect of any suit that every detail can be considered carefully before purchase is even contemplated.

THE "NEW TAILORING"—YOU CHOOSE CLOTHES INSTEAD OF CLOTH

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

New Tailoring Floors: 107-113 Regent St. 24 Coventry St. (West) 13 Fenchurch St. (City)

SR 2328 *Also at Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Bristol and Preston* AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

IF I had been told that there existed a spot on the mainland of Great Britain that had never yet been reached by car—not a mountain top, either, but actually served by road—I might have been hard put to believe the story; still more so to find the place—although I have camped within a dozen miles of it. It is Cape Wrath, in farthest Sutherlandshire, the most north-westerly point on the mainland. And the reason for its seclusion is partly that it has been overlooked by those who think up new stunts for motor car publicly, but chiefly because between it and us there is a great gulf fixed, namely, the crossing of the Kyle of Durness, a sea inlet. No regular ferry exists, least of all one that could carry a car.

***

So the possibility of reaching Cape Wrath was practically confined to the smallest and lightest of cars, such as could be manœuvred on to boards athwart the existing rowing boat. And the feat has just been performed by an Austin Seven, which, by being the first car to reach Cape Wrath, has added another to its long list of record performances. The car left Edinburgh early one Friday a short while ago, driven by Messrs. F. D. M. Baxter and R. Colam, and arrived at Rhiconich, 298 miles away, the same evening, having traversed some of the wildest parts of Scotland. The following day it was placed on the rowing boat and taken across the Kyle of Durness, a difficult crossing of a mile. The last eleven miles of road to the Cape had never before been traversed by a motor car. The Kyle was recrossed in the dark hours of Sunday morning, and Edinburgh reached the same evening.

IN THE HIGHLANDS

The last stage on the journey of the first motor car to reach Cape Wrath in the north-west of Sutherland. The Austin Seven is being run on to planks laid across an ordinary rowing boat

***

THE growth of the business of The Car Mart, Ltd., as revealed by the latest figures which I saw on a recent visit to their premises in Park Lane, provides one of the most remarkable stories in the history of the trade in London. The size of this business is not generally realised. Of one make alone, the Austin, they handle over 5,000 cars a year, and of all makes they are, at present, selling 170 a week. The turnover last year was over a million sterling, and has exceeded the million mark this year already. They have just opened a new service station at 236a, Lancaster Road, W.11, with a space of 28,000 square feet on one floor. Here all kinds of overhauls and repairs will be undertaken, including cellulose painting. Their well-known premises in Balderton Street,

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS
have for many years used
Wakefield Castrol

THE luxurious Air Liners of this vast organisation—the finest and safest in the World—are fitted with the famous Napier "Lion," Bristol "Jupiter," and Armstrong Siddeley "Jaguar" engines, and all are lubricated with CASTROL.

Absolute reliability maintained for long periods without overhaul are essential to successful air transport. Consequently the exclusive use of Wakefield CASTROL in all these engines is significant!

This unfailing reliability is of no less importance to the motorist. Follow the lead of Imperial Airways and the recommendation of over 230 leading Motor Manufacturers: insist on—

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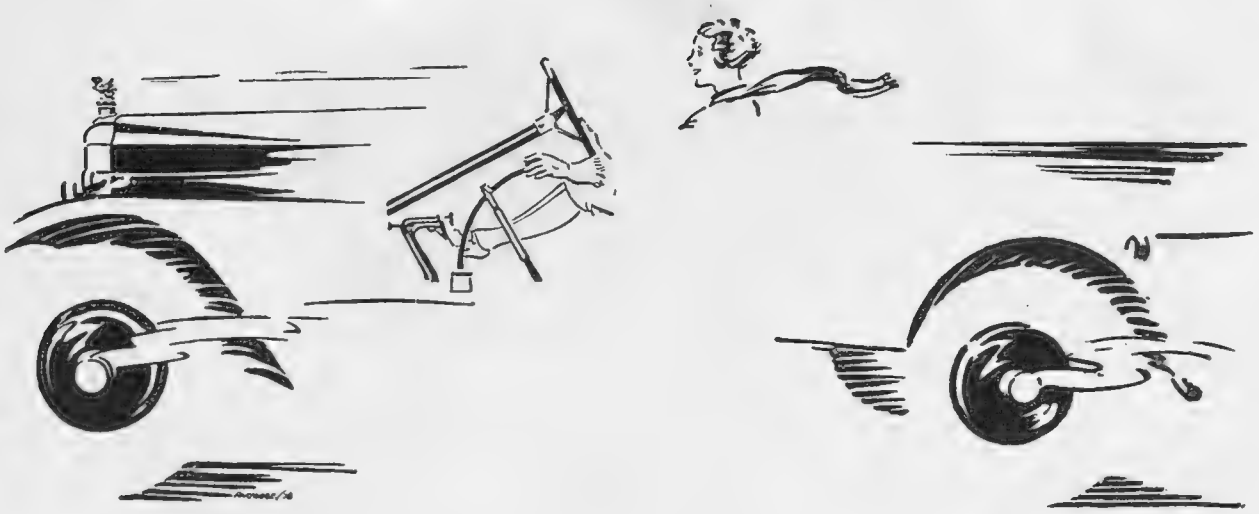
MOTOR OIL

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD.,
All-British Firm
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

BASIC BALANCE



WITH THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE—

the driver sits behind the wheel of the Vauxhall 20-60. Was ever a car under such perfect control! Top-gear performance in the crowded town and a finger-tip change on the hill. The lightest steering imaginable and, even though the speed be 40, 50, 60 — or more, perfect steadiness on the road and the power to stop sweetly and promptly by a slight pressure of the foot.

ONLY
£375
for the chassis
£475
for the tourer
£495
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Other types of equal value
BRITISH & VAUXHALL

Write for *The Vauxhall 20-60 and Why it is the Six Superexcellent* also *The Safety Factor in Motoring.*

Vauxhall

The six superexcellent
20-60

BBR 38

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED LUTON – BEDFORDSHIRE

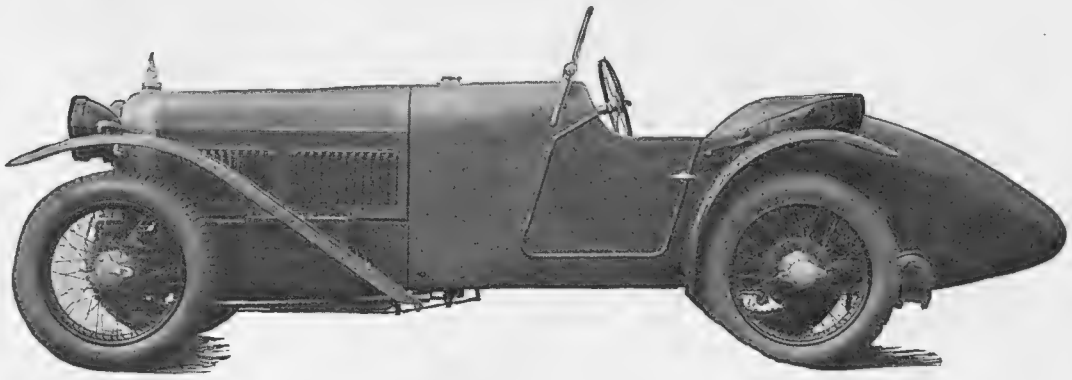
opposite Selfridges, where they have showrooms, will now become a public garage, which is very badly needed in that district. A feature of this company's selling system is that they finance their own gradual payment scheme. They have a controlling interest in other subsidiary companies, notably the Indian and Eastern Car Agency, of 39, Piccadilly, which arranges for the hire or sale and repurchase of cars for people on leave from abroad.

***

I HAVE often wondered how those prosaic but spotless tins of engine oil that adorn every motor dealer's showroom window are turned out so spick and span. Messrs. Silvertown Lubricants, Ltd., proprietors of Speedolene motor oils, have recently opened a new filling house, which supplies an answer, for it embodies all the latest appliances for economical and accurate filling and despatching of their well-known brands. This building, which covers a large area, in appearance resembles a dairy rather than an oil works. All the tanks which contain the various grades of Speedolene are connected with automatic fillers, and the tins, drums, and barrels are filled from them with wonderful speed and precision. This is a brand of oil, by the way, which has made great strides during the past year, and more extensions will probably be heard of before long. It has the exclusive and very useful feature that one or two grades suffice for practically all cars and all weathers.

***

AT the last Motor Show there were rumours that the Chrysler people were about to issue something new in the way of catalogues. The Chrysler Silver Book has arrived, and is a most noteworthy and original addition to motor literature. Measuring some 10¾ inches square, it is covered with some brilliant metallic substance that looks like silver, and is printed in red and blue. The contents comprise a foreword on Walter Chrysler and a history of his cars, some notes on the leading features for which the Chrysler is famous, specifications of the three chassis, the Imperial Eighty, the Seventy-Two and the Sixty-Two, and a few lines on each model. Like the rest of Chrysler advertising, it is attractive and original.



A NEWCOMER TO THE ROAD

The new front wheel drive Alvis sports model two-seater, which is now in the course of production. It will cost £595

***

MESSRS. STRATTON-INSTONE, LTD., tell me that owing to the rapid expansion of their business in Daimler cars they have acquired extensive additional premises at 40, Berkeley Street, W.1, where there is displayed for inspection and trial a comprehensive range of Daimler cars of particularly attractive design.

E. M. WRIGHT.

But for her Nose —perfect

The nose can be straightened and beautified (as shown in this illustration) and the contour of the face made perfect — by a scientific, brief, safe and painless treatment given by a highly skilful and experienced Continental specialist. 10,000 people have passed through the Hystogen Institute and gone out with improved features to enjoy good looks.

He corrects at once and permanently:—imperfect noses, outstanding ears, thick lips, pouches under the eyes, lines or wrinkles around the eyes, sagging cheeks, double chins and all complexion troubles such as acne, red veins, large pores, freckles, moles, etc., etc.

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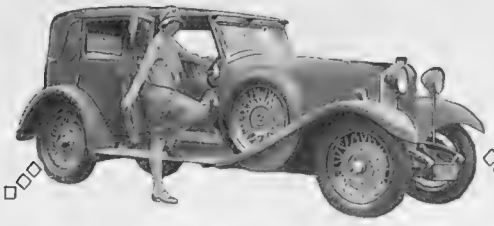
GRATITUDE:

Your sentiment towards the fellow-diner who looks at your Stew and then passes the Lea & Perrins.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

1/- PER BOTTLE LARGE SIZE 1/9



What the 'Motor' Expert says

"50 M.P.H. CRUISING SPEED WITH EASE AND SMOOTHNESS"
VIDE THE 'MOTOR

You will agree that on this point alone the car is worth buying, when you realise all that this means.

For example—a considerably higher maximum speed, however, is not of great value unless qualified by "with ease and smoothness," which gives that "silky" feeling and indicates the thoroughbred car. Low centre of gravity, due to the down-swept frame, perfect springs and real balance, together with the most complete "Owner-driver specification," all play their part in producing the 17/50 single sleeve Arrol-Aster, which always keeps in tune.

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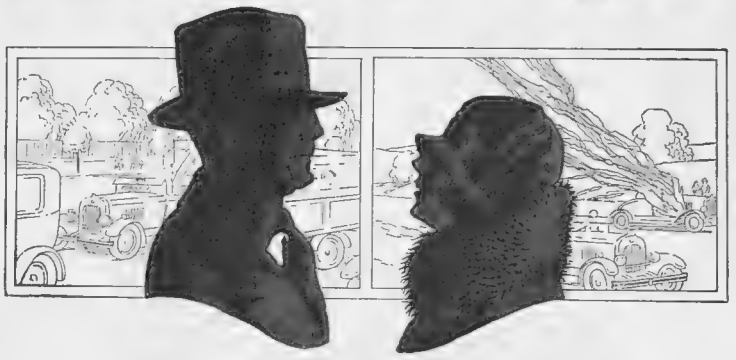
Talks on Safer-Motoring—No. 7



Uncle: "You seem to love driving that car."

Niece: "I adore it!"

"Not nervous in traffic?"

"Not a bit. You see, Dad had her fitted with 'PYRENE' Bumpers and they gave me confidence right from the start. The only thing I fear on a car is fire. I've seen two burnt out already."

"Well, why ever don't you carry a 'PYRENE' Fire Extinguisher? They're so easy and quick, you could put out a fire and drive on as though nothing had happened."

"Oh, thanks awfully, Uncle. It will be such a relief to get that danger off my mind."

Standard Model *New Junior Model for Light Cars*

IMPROVED **Pyrene** TRADE MARK **FIRE EXTINGUISHER**

The Pyrene Fire Extinguisher has a world-wide reputation for efficiency on petrol fires, and is the accepted standard of fire protection for every type of motor vehicle. Over 4,500,000 Pyrene Fire Extinguishers have been supplied and are now protecting motor cars, Government vehicles, L.G.O.C. Buses, and the transport of most leading railway and omnibus companies.

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PRICES: **Standard Model,** filled and complete. Polished Brass, 55/-. Nickel or Black plated, 60/-. **Junior Model** for light cars. Nickel-plated finish only, filled and complete . . . **35/-**

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"The Bumper with the Leaf Spring Buffer"

The ingenious design of the Pyrene Bumper, embodying its leaf spring buffer, evenly distributes and reduces the shock of an impact, providing wonderful protection and increased safety. High-grade finish in nickel and black. Three sizes. Fender Guards to match for rear.

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No other perfume has quite the same exquisite freshness and charm as the lovely English fragrance of Lavender, and no Lavender can quite equal the beauty of the famous Yardley Lavender.

It is the perfume of youth; it gives an added charm to the woman of fashion, and the gentlewoman of an older generation cherishes its quiet unassuming loveliness.

Per bottle from 3/-
Decanters from 21/-

Lavender Soap. "The Luxury Soap of the World," 3 large tabs. in box	2/6
Face Powder	1/9
Face Cream	1/6
Talcum Powder	1/2

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Ensembles for the Races

EVERY frock its wrap! That is Fashion's slogan for Ascot toilettes this year. Lace gowns are accompanied by lace wraps; when georgette and lace are used together one sees the wrap of georgette, with lace insets; floral chiffon and ninon frocks have long georgette coats, expressed in one of the colour notes in the design. And a new departure is the *ensemble* in which a matching coat of a woollen fabric is worn over satin, *crêpe de Chine*, or even chiffon; this, of course, just in case the Clerk of the Weather should have evil designs.

From The Court Fur Stores, 266, Regent St., W., a lovely three-skin tie of Canadian sable

Fashionable Furs

A THREE-SKIN tie of natural Canadian sable, made from particularly large and silky skins, with a mounted head and lined with *crêpe de Chine* to tone. What could complete a summer toilette more effectively? Sponsored by The Court Fur Stores, 266, Regent Street, it is shown above, and costs 27 guineas, a price only made possible because this firm has recently bought up a large selection of fashionable neck-wear from a Paris house. Attractive summer prices, indeed, apply already to all Court Fur Store models, which include some lovely coats of mink, nutria, and the grey squirrel that all the world is wearing at the moment.

A two-piece negligée, carried out in shrimp-pink crêpe de Chine and ochre lace. Sketched at Madame James, 5, Old Burlington St., W.

Sketches by Margot

Summer millinery at Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly, W., includes the latest in felts and a becoming model of "Lace-Leghorn," trimmed with satin ribbon

Summer Millinery Up to Date

TO achieve something new in summer hats is every woman's ambition, and one that she can certainly satisfy at Woodrow's, 46, Piccadilly, where all that's new in the season's millinery is to be found. "Lace-Leghorn," cool, light and becoming, in which the model shown on this page is expressed, is a newcomer that is going to "count." Satin ribbon is used for a trimming, and it is to be found in all manner of attractive colourings—golden yellow, amethyst, black, trimmed royal, etc., etc., and the price, 25s., comes as a very pleasant surprise. The other sketch shows the latest in summer felts, waterproof and of a featherweight lightness, its widish brim rendering it equally suitable for wear with either suits or thin frocks (35s.).

Importance of Corsetry

THE gossamer frocks that are the vogue today reveal every line of the figure, and have an unpleasant little habit of showing up imperfections. But those who are wise enough to employ Madame James, of 5, Old Burlington Street, as their corsetière need fear no such revelations, for in making

to measure she studies carefully each individual figure and achieves the fashionable line even in the case of those who can frankly be described as "stout." Her *lingerie* and *negligées* are quite lovely, too, and she also specialises in sports clothes. See the attractive "two-piece" boudoir gown sketched on the preceding page, which, carried out in *crêpe de Chine* and lace, in various colourings, costs only 7½ guineas.

By day and by night it is from Pompeian specialities that Modern Woman seeks aid in her quest for beauty

burning, too, of the scarlet variety, not the nice brown, that nobody minds nowadays. Quite the best way of attending to "tired faces" is by the regular use of Pompeian Night Cream, cleansing, soothing, and at the same time refreshing and invigorating, which should be massaged gently into the skin and left to do its good work during the night. And Pompeian Day Cream is the best of protectives and makes a delightful basis for powder. Pompeian specialities, day cream, night cream, powder, also Pompeian Bloom, priced at 2s. 6d. each, are stocked by all high-class chemists in every town. This is good news indeed to modern woman, who has found that Pompeian specialities are invaluable.

Race Toilettes

Ascot frocks, simple and girlish as befits the *débutante*, or designed on the more dignified lines that are suited to the matron, are "infinite in their variety" at Messrs. Roland and Rivkin, 101, Oxford Street, and at prices, moreover, that appeal to the woman who has to dress well on a small allowance. The model sketched, for instance, expressed in *crêpe de Chine*, with a fashionable polka dot pattern, with georgette tie, collar and cuffs, is priced at 6 guineas. And exquisite race *ensembles*, that speak the last word from Paris, range from 7½ guineas, lovely little embroidered taffeta models from 6½ guineas, and floral chiffon gowns from 5 guineas.

A summer wrap from Smee, 55, South Molton St., W., that displays the fashionable one-sided effect

Perfection in Tailoring

It's an unwise woman, indeed, who doesn't include in her summer wardrobe a lightweight overcoat, quite as smart and attractive as the frock it is destined to cover when made by Smee, 55, South Molton Street, W. The model in the sketch, carried out in fancy tweed, silk-lined, and with a smart one-sided effect achieved by tucks, is priced at 8½ guineas, and in silk this model looks equally well. And Smee makes suits and overcoats to measure, beautifully cut and tailored, from 6 guineas—good news, indeed, for those who appreciate individuality in tailoring.

Taking Thought for the Complexion

The first weeks of summer are inevitably trying for the face, for it has to adapt itself suddenly to leading an out-of-door life and combat the combined forces of sun and dust. Strenuous games of tennis—long days on the golf links—motoring in an open car—all take toll of the complexion—likewise seabathing; this latter, health-giving as it is, can easily spell ruin to a sensitive skin for quite a long time, unless precautions are taken, for the combined effects of sun and seawater cause burning and very ugly

Messrs. Roland and Rivkin, 101, Oxford St., W., sponsor an effective frock of crêpe de Chine, with georgette collar, tie and cuffs

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

By new s.s. "ORFORD" 20,000 Tons
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The Godfather presents a breadcake, as it is still usual to-day in the Loetschen-Valley (Switzerland).

Ask for booklets from the Loetschberg Railway, Berne.

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From Easter to the End of September.

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"La Plage Fleurie."

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In July, with the great Regatta Week, Deauville is the French Cowes.

In 1929 the new d'Arnould Golf Links will be opened, together with the de luxe Golf Hotel.

For further information apply to the Syndicat d'Initiative.

LA PLAGE DES BRONZES VIVANTS

Can you imagine a more delightful way of capturing that out-of-door, summery look than idling in the surf?
And what an entrancing view you get from here of the gorgeous, human butterflies on the sand—La Plage du Soleil et des Pyjamas. Then there's everything else from tennis to sailing; riding to dancing; moonlight walks and talks to high Carnival.
But the supreme thing is just "bronzing."

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FOR NURSERY MEAL-TIMES

Children will simply love this nursery service designed by W. Heath Robinson and will welcome their dearly loved story-book friends. It comes from Soane and Smith, 27, Brompton Road, S.W.

Nursery Ware

Now that it is universally recognised that the development of an appreciation of beauty begins in very early childhood much care is being given to the creation of nursery furniture and equipment, which ever becomes more and more attractive. It is only to be expected that Soane and Smith, 27, Brompton Road, S.W., have realised the possibilities of amusing meal-time services for the monarchs of the nursery, and the popularity of their Heath Robinson set can readily be understood when once the quaint pictures have been seen. There are twelve original designs by Mr. W. Heath Robinson in finest quality Staffordshire ivory ware, and the wonderful denizens of the story-book world become even more dearly loved when they appear in such lovable guises. Any quantity is supplied separately, and pieces are always replaceable. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent free on application. It may be stated that mugs cost 1s. 6d. each, baby plates cost 3s., and egg-cups cost only 8d. each.

For the Photographer

Nowadays the camera is a *sine qua non* of our holiday equipment, for photography is far easier nowadays than it was in the past. It is therefore with considerable satisfaction that amateur photographers will learn that they can get films absolutely free just by enjoying Black Cat cigarettes. The makers of this famous brand are now offering a Kodak Roll Film (No. 120), size 3¼×2¼, for 50 coupons from their Black Cat cigarettes, thus affording a wonderful opportunity to combine the two pleasures of smoking a good cigarette and the delight of free holiday snapshots.

Medical Appreciation

During a recent lecture in France by an eminent medical man the lecturer spoke in very high terms of the French spa Brides-les-Bains. He said that its waters were extremely valuable in the treatment of obesity, and complaints of the liver and digestive organs, and the proximity of the tonic baths made possible advantageous association of the two treatments. The climate and charm of the countryside, its magnificent walks, and the comfort of the resort.

An Acknowledgment

The photograph of Chamonix illustrating the full-page advertisement which appeared in our issue of November 2, 1927, was taken by M. Tairraz.

AN ALPINE VALLEY

A view of the magnificent setting of Grindelwald, which is one of the most popular of the Bernese Oberland resorts in summer as well as in winter. In the background are the peaks of the Wetterhorn and Schreckhorn

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The "Shelsley" Fabric Saloon is particularly distinctive, well-proportioned, and altogether a very smart and attractive car. It is a high-grade, beautifully-finished job of which any owner can be justly proud. Seats are specially designed for ease. Front seats are adjustable. Upholstery of soft brown leather selected for its quality and durability.

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Details of this wonderful new Crossley gladly sent on request.

"Shelsley" Fabric Saloon - £550

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The 15·7 h.p. **Crossley** SIX

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Various Sandwiches.
Shrimp Fingers Made With Finger Rolls.
Lobster Mayonnaise.
Chicken in Aspic.
Lamb Cutlets With Peas.
Salad—Cucumber.
Jam Puffs, Eclairs, Cake, Cheese.
Plenty of Rolls, Biscuits.
Champagne Cup, Grape Fruit Sherbert.
Café Noir.

Lobster Mayonnaise

Remove the meat from the lobsters and cut it into small pieces. Dish the lobsters on a thick bed of shred lettuce and garnish with a border of hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters, olives, and a few fillets of anchovies. Cover with a thick mayonnaise sauce, and serve in a silver *entreé* dish.

Chicken in Aspic

Prepare one or more chickens for boiling. Place in a stew-pan with sufficient cold water to cover, add an onion, a sprig of thyme, a tablespoonful of vinegar, a thick slice of lemon, and salt to taste. Cook gently till tender. Meanwhile, soak ½ oz. of gelatine in sufficient water to cover it. When the chicken is done, add the gelatine to the liquor in which the chicken was boiled, and reduce it. Skin the chicken, and, when cool, cut it up in neat joints. Place in a shape, and when the liquor is reduced enough, strain it over the chicken and leave till set. 1 oz. of gelatine will be required for the aspic if two fowls are cooked.

Lamb Cutlets with Peas

Braise a piece of best end of neck of lamb with vegetables, herbs, etc., and put on one side till cold. Then divide and trim neatly into cutlets. Have ready dissolved aspic jelly, and add to it a teaspoonful of thick mint sauce. Dip the cutlets into this, so that they are thickly covered. Leave till set and serve on a dish of cold peas which have been cooked and laid on ice. Arrange high in the dish and pour over them a mayonnaise sauce.

Café Noir

Have the coffee-pot hot, and stand it on an iron plate on the gas stove whilst the coffee is percolating into it through the strainer. Put two tablespoonfuls (heaped) of coffee into the strainer, pour over it half a pint of absolutely violently boiling water, and let it "drip" through. Don't make more coffee than you need, but make it good, and half a pint will fill six or eight tiny coffee cups easily.

Emilia.

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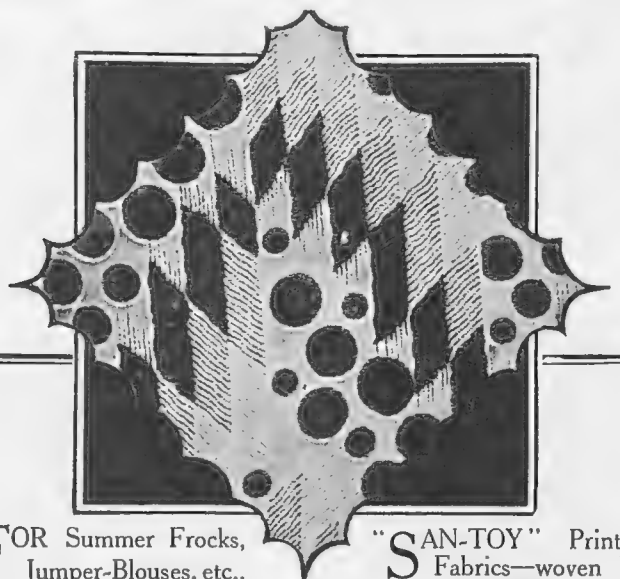

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This very smart Voile Dress is suitable for all occasions. The long panel front imparts an attractive coat effect to the gown, the whole appearance of which is considerably enhanced by the shaped drapings of the skirt. **75/-**

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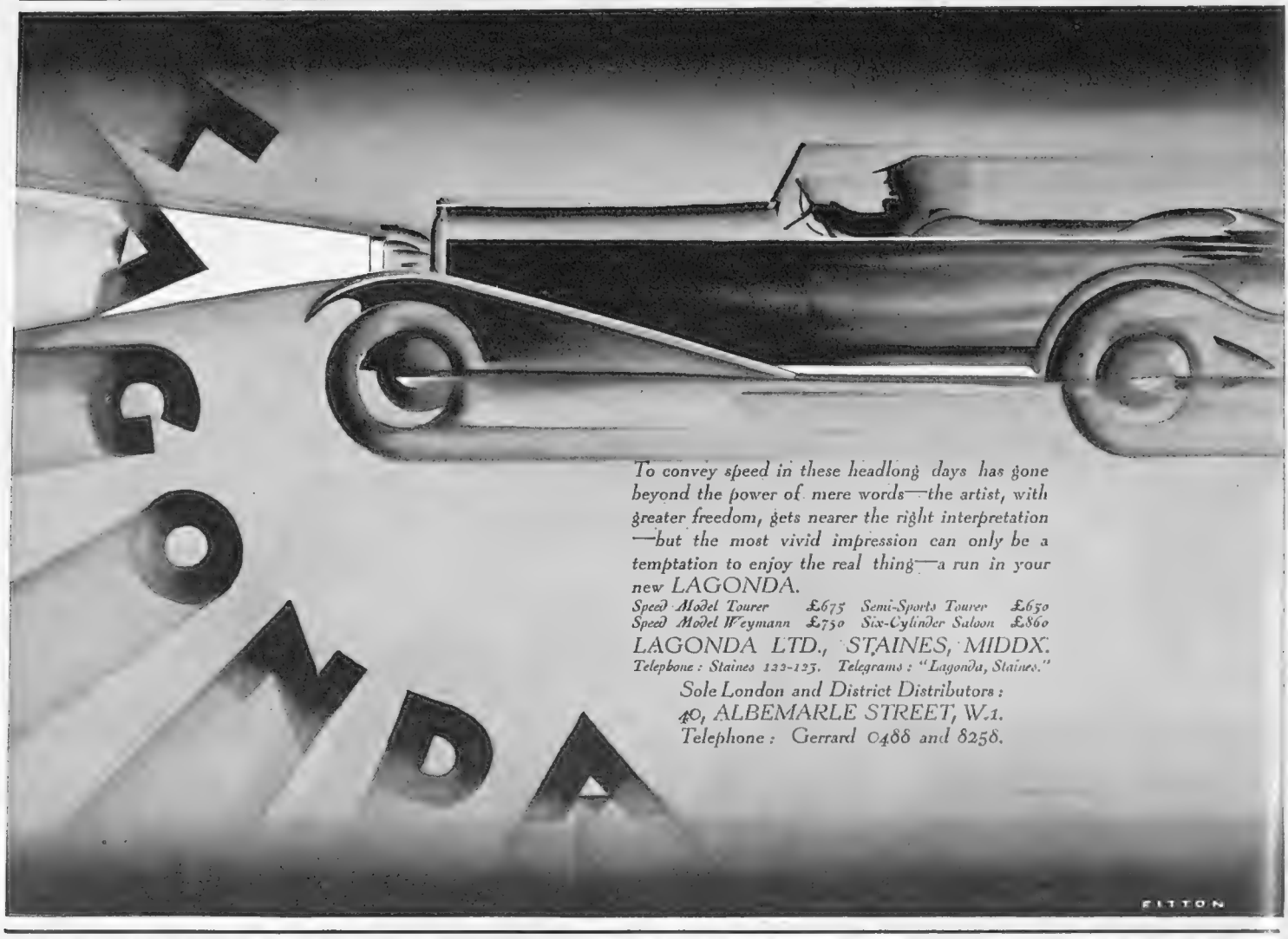

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Photo by Peter North

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I offer you my Electric Comb on a 7 days' free trial. You pay me NOTHING if your hair isn't luxurious, wavy, and full of natural colour in a week, or if bald patches aren't covered with new hair. You pay me NOTHING if you are not entirely satisfied.

(*The original letter from the lady in the photos may be seen at my office*).

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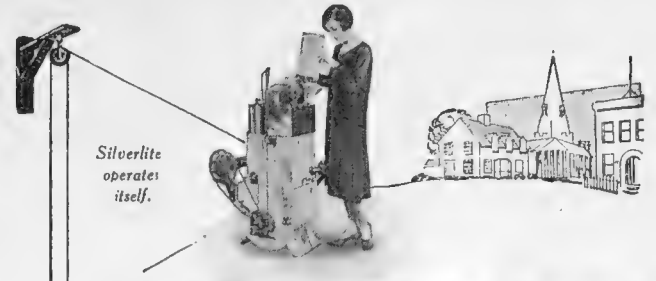

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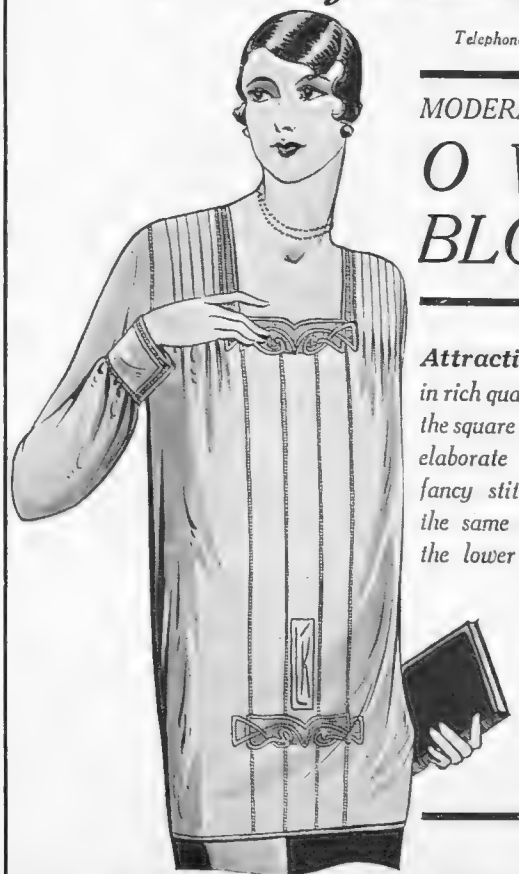

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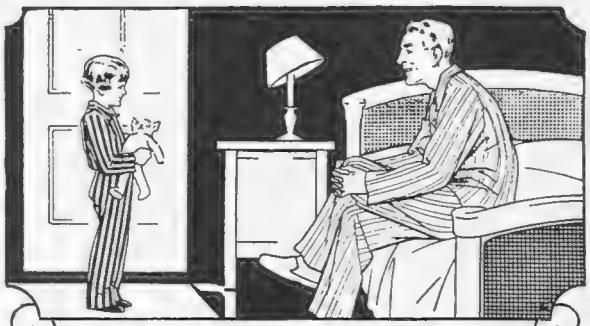

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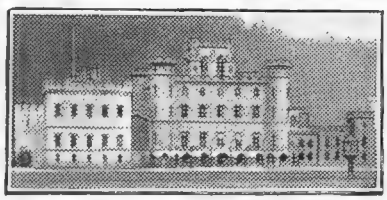

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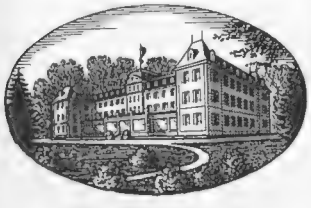

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WESTMINSTER In Pine Forest. 100 yards from Casino. 250 rooms. 250 baths.

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Ladies' own hair permanently waved by our perfected process which dispenses with the use of electric heaters. Charming results ensured.

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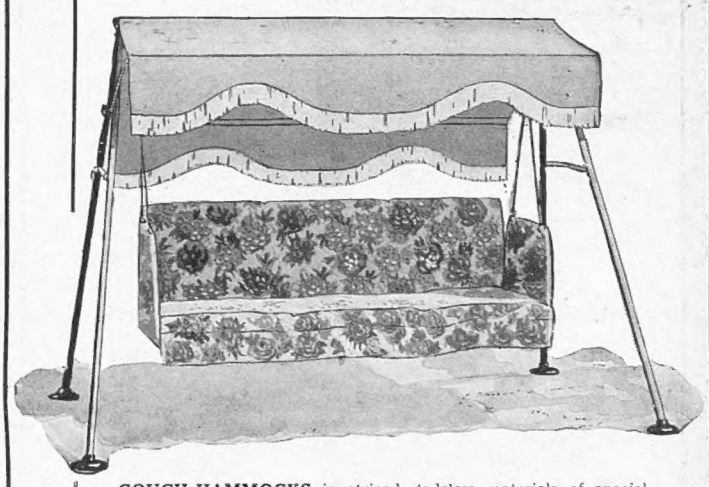

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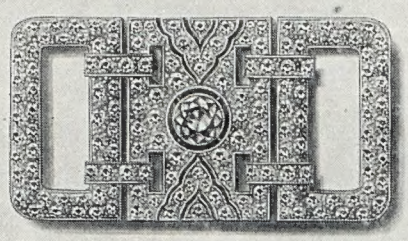

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All Platinum Settings.

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Horrockses ask you to make up a set of underwear comprising any TWO of the following garments:

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and to send it on or before July 31st, to The Ladies' Needlework Committee, Shurdington, Cheltenham, Glos., where it will be judged by an impartial Committee of Needlework Teachers and Examiners.

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SMART PRINCESS SLIP for sports wear, in good quality white Japanese silk, cut with deep wrap over on each side ensuring ample freedom of movement; plain deep hem at foot; top of bodice to match; defined at waistline with sets of hemstitching. Lengths from shoulder, 37 to 43 ins.

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Also in soft washing Satin Beaute colours as above. Price **49/6**.

Georgette Boudoir Cap *in all lingerie shades. Price* **29/6**.

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That 13 is not always unlucky will be seen on the thirteenth day of June, for on that date THE BYSTANDER SUMMER NUMBER will be on sale. A double number at the usual price, and full of sunshine, its pages abound in good stories and pictures, many of them in colour dealing with Summer subjects. All the usual features will, of course, be included in its pages.

Advertisement space is practically fully booked, but a few positions may be available if immediate application is made

SUMMER NUMBERS:

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